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1 **All Woman**
3 **Dream Fights**
5 **Bare-Clawed Catfight**
14 **Dream Fight Comments**
17 **Big D Presents Maureen vs. Dee**
21 **Battle Of The Sexes**
28 **Fight Time! Part One**
37 **Eight Tough Ones**
40 **Oil Wrestling: Slick & Sexy**
45 **Catfight!**
53 **Fighting For Dick**
60 **Fight Time! Part Two**
64 **Three Foxy Boxing Cards**
73 **Until Death Do Us Part.../** By Don Lomax
83 **Fight Forum**
85 **A Real Knockout!**
91 **Catfight Carnage**

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ALL WOMAN

AS REPORTED IN CAVALIER'S AUGUST, 1983 ISSUE

Ordinarily, this page is devoted to a comment or two about the contents of the issue. This month, we're turning the page over to Donna, a favorite reader of ours. If you don't know who Donna is, read on...

Dear Sirs: I'm furious! I just read two letters about me in the "Speak Out" column of your April issue and I want to say that the two writers were full of it! My name is Donna B. and I'm the female middle-weight boxing champion of Utah! The first letter was from a jerk in Houston, praising Dyan, a slut I boxed last summer (and reported in *Cavalier*'s January issue). He raved about how beautiful she sounded and how he'd loved to see a whole pictorial spread on her. That sure doesn't say much for his I.Q. or taste. Sure Dyan has huge knockers, but she's an 8th grade drop-out, and a pot-smoking janitor. Mr. Houston really ripped me, saying I was a dirty fighter and I deserved to, quote, "have ugly red welts on my flat tits." Hey, clown, I've got a pair of 35 B's that I'm really proud of; your girlfriend should be so "flat." And as for fighting dirty, well, yes, I did blast Dyan in the snatch with an uppercut, but I was tired and I was aiming for her soft belly! Besides, even if I *did* fight dirty, I shouldn't have to apologize for it! When you're called-on by someone you've never even seen and have less than two days to prepare, you'll fight anyway you can to survive! Mr. Houston says he hopes to hear how Dyan's beautiful breasts do in future fights; well, I hope he heard that she and I went at it in a topless rematch in her apartment a few weeks after she'd upset me. In that rematch I beat the hell out of her in front of her friends on her own turf. When I finished with her, Dyan's magnificent jugs were bruised and aching and she was lying on the carpet, begging for mercy! When I left her apartment that night she was still locked in her bathroom, sobbing, afraid to come out and fight me with bare fists! And my offer still stands to that bitch, anytime, any place, any type of combat! Furthermore, a couple weeks ago Dyan boxed my friend, Carrie, and Carrie kayoed her in the third round. Dyan was crawling on all fours, senseless, when Carrie got through with her! Your other letter was from a clown in Seattle who insisted that I was a fictional character. He insisted that there's no Donna in Utah "who goes around beating the shit out of other women." Well, stud, I'm all woman, from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. I'm a real woman, from the office where I'm a secretary, to my bed where I'm a passionate lover, to the boxing ring where I'm local champ. I'm 5'4", 122, thirty-one years old, and have had fifteen boxing bouts against seven other women. Of those fifteen, I've won eleven and tied one, and have beaten all seven of those other women at least once each. I've also had eight catfights against three girls and have won five and tied one, and have also beaten each of my opponents at least once. As for being fictional, well, I sure wish some of those punches I've taken had been fictional, and that my black eyes had been fictional. Seattle wants to know why you don't show photos of me; well, as you know, I've sent you several pictures and I'm including two more in this letter, but I can't allow my face to be seen for fear it would get back to my mother in Illinois and the sight of me in a man's magazine, or the thought of me fist fighting, would kill her. But, Mr. Seattle, if you don't believe I knock the shit out of people, get yourself a woman, anywhere up to, say, 125 pounds, bring her to Utah, put some gloves on her, and I'll have her seeing stars in two rounds or less! Right now I'm training for what should be my toughest fight ever, against Carrie, and I sure wish she were only fictional.

—Donna B.
in Utah.

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"Dream Fights"

AS REPORTED IN CAVALIER'S SEPTEMBER, 1982 ISSUE

It all started quite innocently enough with a reader's letter to "Speak Out" in our March issue. He suggested a fantasy called "Battle of the Stars." "I often dream," he wrote, "of seeing some of your featured models get into a fight. However, two fights seem to stick in my mind the most. Morgan Fairchild, as the blonde bitch of 'Flamingo Road,' in an all-out fight to the finish with Victoria Principal of 'Dallas,' both dressed in sexy dresses. The other fight I often dream about is between Seka and Kandi Barbour, the two sexy and beautiful porn queens."

KNOCKOUT! That's what you wrote to us when you saw the one photo of Linda Lane we used in the July, 1982 issue. Happily, we have lots more photographs of her in her foxy boxing gear and you'll find them beginning on page 85.

Well, ever since that issue appeared, your letters about "dream fights" arrive almost daily. "I think Victoria would win quite easily as she is pretty athletic and deceptively strong. In the dream fight between Seka and Kandi Barbour, I'd put my money on Seka—but look for a close fight." This was an opinion from F. T. of New Hampshire, which we published in our June "Speak Out" column. He also wrote: "The fight which I most often fantasize about is between Farrah Fawcett and Diana Ross."

Here are some more opinions in a letter signed, "C.F.J. and the 'Guys,' New Orleans." (For another, longer comment, see page 4.) "The guys and I are true blue catfight fans. Even our secretary (who is typing this letter!) enjoys reading about fights but prefers the cockfight variety. We think the 'dream fight' idea is fantastic. It is such a great idea that the whole office came up with six such dream fights. In his letter, F. T. picked his choices and we agree on one. Victoria Principal would whip Morgan Fairchild, but we feel that Kandi Barbour would finish Seka off in less than five minutes. As for a Diana Ross vs. Farrah Fawcett battle, a close finish by a vote of 6 to 4 for Ms. Fawcett in a wild finale.

"Now, here are our 'Battle of the Stars' (and our office vote total) with the winners listed first: Catherine Bach (6) vs. Victoria Principal (4); Raquel Welch (8) vs. Loni Anderson (2); Jayne Kennedy (7) vs. Susan Anton (3); Cheryl Ladd (6) vs. Morgan Fairchild (4); Bo Derek (7) vs. Donna Dixon (3); Marilyn Chambers (6) vs. Seka (4). Other results were: brunettes over blondes, blacks over whites."

Obviously, we can't ask a pair of stars to mix it up for *Cavalier's* cameras, but we can fantasize, can't we? Speaking of fantasies, we're sure you're going to enjoy this special issue of the best of *Cavalier's* catfights. For an example, look at the great bare-clawed catfight layout beginning on the next page. These gals really get it on! Or, if you're a catfight comics fan, Big D, on page 17, illustrates a catfight from a letter to *Cavalier's* "Fight Time" feature, two good examples of which begin on pages 28 and 60, and artist Don Lomax gets into the action with a great catfight strip on page 73. If you prefer boy/girl battles, we're sure the hot pictorial on page 21 will satisfy you. Female fights come in every form and we think we've about covered them all, from Foxy Boxing on page 64 to Oil Wrestling on page 40. Then there's lots of spontaneous one-on-one bitch fighting throughout this issue and let's not forget "Fighting For Dick" on page 53 where two bare-fisted females battle it out over a lucky guy who gets a piece of the winner. So, to wrap it all up where we started, check out more of our reader's comments on our popular Dream Fights beginning on page 14. We think you'll enjoy them and you might even have some ideas . . .

Dear *Cavalier*

I read with interest the letter entitled "Dream Fights" in the May issue. This is a favorite pastime of mine. I composed the following list of my favorites from the entertainment industry.

WINNER	**LOSER**	**COMMENTS**
Serena	Marilyn Chambers	Less hair to pull with the new short hairstyle; made catfight movies.
Rhonda Jo Petty	Seka	Too strong for the icy blonde; lots of breast mauling.
Sally Struthers	Mary Crosby	Small package of dynamite, Sally wouldn't quit.
Farrah Fawcett	Tanya Roberts	Dead even! Farrah early and Tanya late.
Donna Mills	Jaclyn Smith	Mills is too catty for Ms. Smith; one-sided.
Adrienne Barbeau	Victoria Principal	Although Vicky is stronger, Barbeau's fists would be the difference.
Dyan Cannon	Raquel Welch	Even! Strength to Welch, cattiness to Dyan.
Britt Ekland	Carol Lynley	Two cats! You can't out-cat a tigress; Britt easily.
Linda Evans	Linda Gray	Wouldn't last long; Gray gets embarrassed.
Jan Smithers	Kate Jackson	Kate until Jan gets mad; over quickly then.
Lola Falana	Diana Ross	Ross absorbs a lot of abuse.
Cathy Lee Crosby	Jayne Kennedy	Cathy Lee is just too athletic.
Lisa Loring	Valerie Bertinelli	Lisa is too catty; lots of energy, scratching and torn clothes; long fight.
Marilu Henner	Loretta Swit	Hard hitter; Loretta out cold to end it.
Stephanie Powers	Randi Oakes	Randi runs out of gas after a fast start.
Lauren Hutton	Ali MacGraw	High energy! Lots of hair pulling and scratching.
Jane Fonda	Mary Tyler Moore	Nothing heavy; name calling and hair pulling.
Catherine Bach	Ann Jillian	Bach would end it with a leg scissors to neck or waist.
Barbie Benton	Cheryl Ladd	Little girls go hot and heavy; Ladd's easy life does her in.
Diane Keaton	Julie Christie	Even! Don't be fooled by Di's baby face.
Lynda Carter	Susan Anton	Sue can dish it out but can't take it; Lynda's size.
Morgan Fairchild	Leslie Anne Warren	Morgan's breasts take a beating, but so does Leslie.
Goldie Hawn	Elizabeth Ashley	Even! Lots of hair pulling; the blonde kicks.
Victoria Lynn Johnson	Bo Derek	Vicky smokes a cigarette sitting on the beaten Bo.
Cheryl Tiegs	Susan St. James	Cheryl gets her breasts pinched. Susan loses after a good one.
Carlene Carter	Rosanne Cash	Step sisters! Look out! Hammerlock to submission.
Olivia Newton-John	Sheena Easton	The Aussie gets physical with the catty Easton.
Pat Benatar	Pia Zadora	Pia's easy life gets her hurt; Britt over both.
Tanya Tucker	Marie Osmond	Marie no match for the fiery blonde; Tanya dominates and feels little in return.

Mix and match...and feel free to disagree. I invite comments from other readers and I'll look for more on this subject in upcoming issues. Sincerely, M. T., New Jersey.

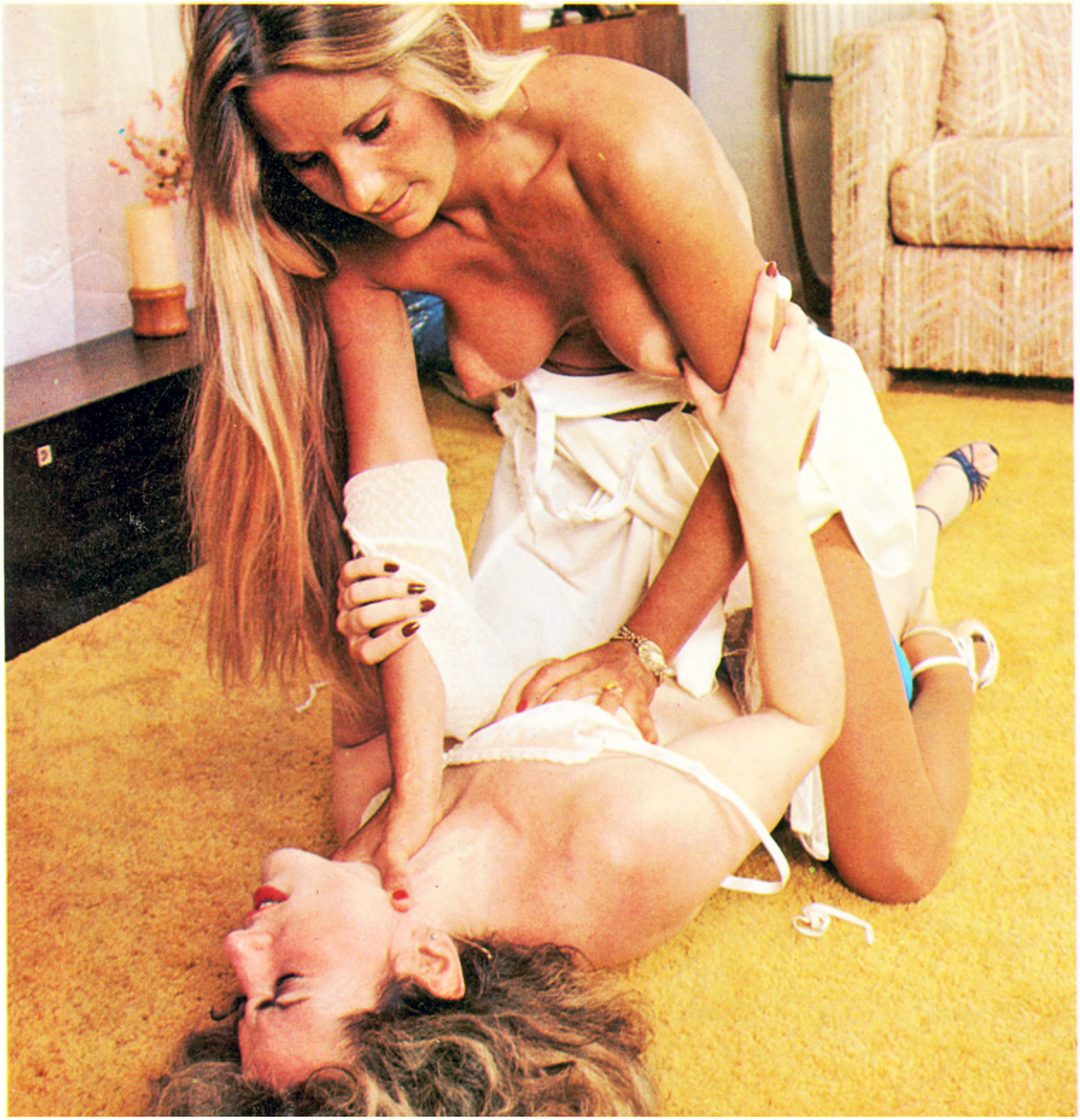
Bare-Clawed Catfight

• The women gladiators of ancient Rome must have packed the stadiums, if the current rage for catfighting is any indication of the historical popularity of seeing women do battle. For years, we've been led to believe that women are the "weaker" sex and wouldn't dream of indulging in something as primitive and degrading as fighting with each other. Women didn't even used to go to prizefights because they were such tender little darlings and had to be protected from any violence. Well, as many of us have known for a long time, this is pure bullshit. We've all seen, or heard of fights where a couple of furious women have tangled in a knockdown, drag-out bitch fight to the finish. The Hollywood movie makers have known for years that a good bitch battle in a film was a guaranteed box office draw, but it wasn't until recently that catfighting really came into its own (and *Cavalier* takes some of the credit). Yes, the cat's out of the bag with a vengeance and as our two gals are about to show us, women fighting can often put two men to shame.

There are no rules in catfighting. Gentlemen find it unmanly to resort to anything except using their fists. Women, when driven to physical vengeance, will use any and everything they have to defeat their opponents. And why, some people wonder, is this so exciting? Just a look at this feature should answer that question. Catfighting is extremely erotic to watch because two infuriated women, in the throes of destroying each other, are not apt to be very ladylike. Clothing is torn asunder, tits and pussies exposed and mauled. It's not unlike watching two infuriated tigresses going for the kill. And, the idea that the women are fighting over a man is exciting for us to see.

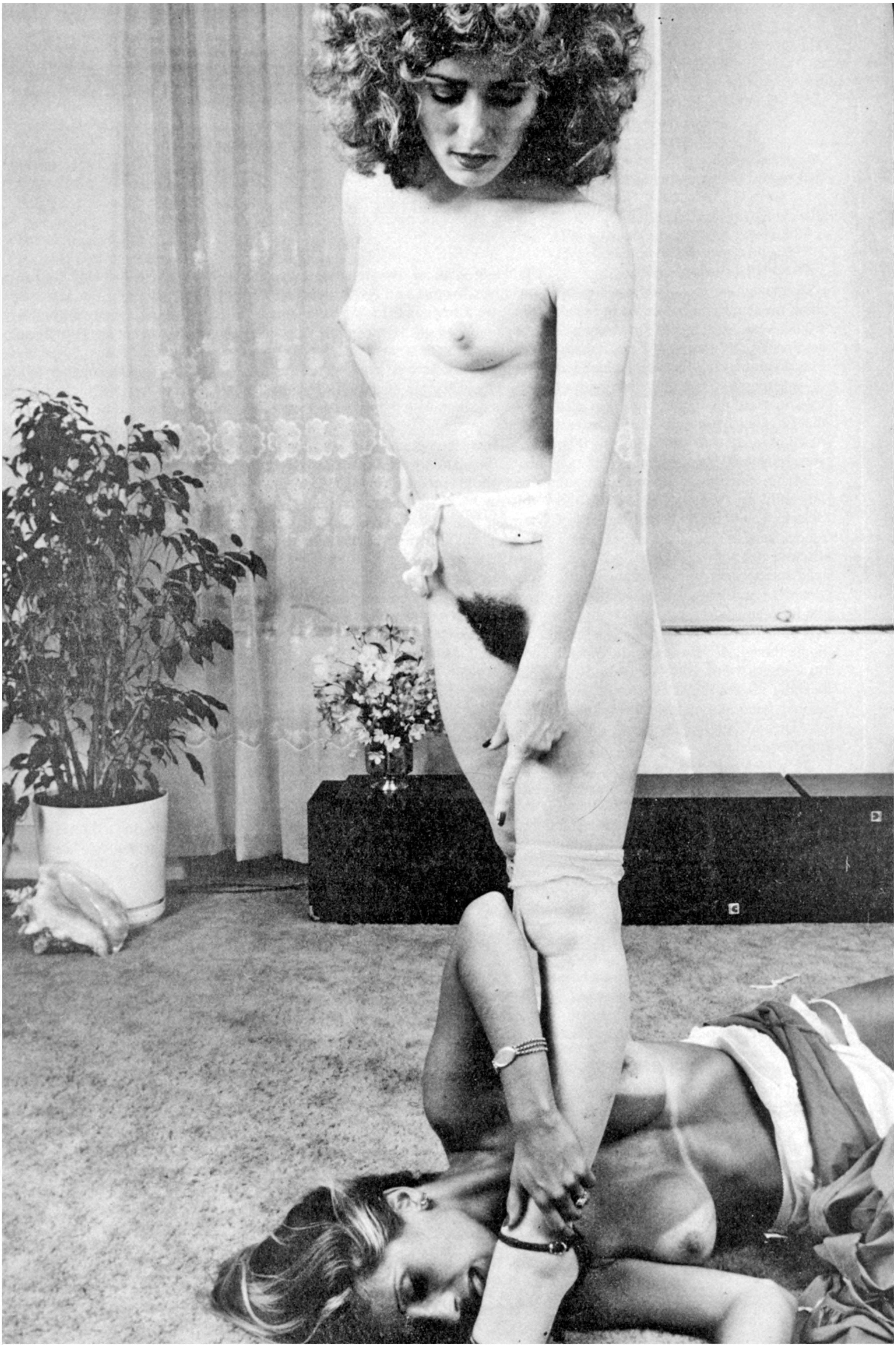
Another reason catfighting is so exciting for us fans is that they are very rare. You don't often find two women spontaneously mixing it up although it does occasionally happen in some barroom or back alley with a couple of gals who've had too much to drink. In this sequence, however, we have two perfectly nice girls in love with the same guy and their incredible foray takes place in the nice atmosphere of an apartment. Our two vengeful gals set no rules as they tear each others' clothes to ribbons, pull hair, claw at each others flesh and prove the fury of no-holds-barred catfighting. Whether the combatants find their battle erotic or not, it certainly is a sexual turn-on for the person lucky to see it.

The major attraction for catfighting is its eroticism. Whether the girls are sexually turned on or not, the lucky observer certainly is since he's able to see gals with every shred of modesty abandoned. And, it usually happens that all of the body contact between two women makes them hot, also.



Anyone who has ever seen two furious females tangle with each other, has quickly changed his mind about women being the gentle sex. An angered woman becomes a veritable fury of scratching, biting, kicking and viciousness that no man in his right mind would tangle with. No gentlemanly rules apply here. The objective is almost total annihilation and humiliation, in the course of which, no part of the opponent's body is spared. Tits are mauled and bitten, pussies exposed, asses defiled . . . nothing is left out. Although a certain amount of gutter prowess is involved as well as physical strength, catfighting is ultimately a test of sheer stamina where sometimes the smaller adversary who is both quick and able to grit it out, is able to emerge the ultimate victor.

The sight of two women, spread and scratched, their bodies covered with sweat and spittle, is something bound to arouse us, and the combatants, whose cunts are mauled, nippples chewed and pinched to hardness and temperatures raised to a white hot pitch. And the final victor's humiliating face-sit is guaranteed to give a guy a hard-on.



"Dream Fight" Comments

"Keep this dialog open..."

I would have to admit that I didn't think my letter you published in March would create such a stir with your readership. For as far back as I can remember, dreaming up "Fantasy Fights" has always interested me. There are many of us who share this fantasy and I'm glad that *Cavalier* has covered this topic as a result of readers' letters expressing their viewpoints and opinions.

My dreamfights between Morgan Fairchild vs. Victoria Principal and Seka vs. Kandi Barbour, with the help of others, have made it quite an interesting discussion. I appreciated the feedback I read and how others thought the results would be and why. In fact it has given me the courage to ask friends who may not be catfight fans for their opinions. Some thought I was nuts, and they still do. Others were quite interested especially after I showed them the September issue and editorial you printed on "Dreamfights." They are now *Cavalier* readers!

M.T. of New Jersey and his favorite "Dreamfights" are worth commenting upon. I feel that Jaclyn Smith vs. Donna Mills would not be one-sided with Ms. Smith pinning Ms. Mills in a few minutes, and that Randi Oakes would give Stephanie Powers hell. As for my original "Fantasy Fights," Morgan vs. Victoria, Morgan would be the clear victor if it was fought inside and dirty. Victoria would demolish her if it was a physical slugfest. Seka vs. Kandi would be a hair tearing, tit mauling brawl. It would probably be determined upon sheer animal instinct to survive. In this case, Seka in a very close fight.

Since "Dreamfights" have widespread popularity, I think too much of a good thing would be damaging. I would like to suggest that *Cavalier* or *Nugget* feature a "Dreamfight of the Month" to limit too much coverage. Whatever you decide, please keep this dialog open and keep us catfight fans interested.—R.T., San Francisco.

"M.T. has gone too far..."

We at WATCH (Women's Amateur Tangling Club of Houston) have been reading *Cavalier* and *Nugget* regularly since we formed in 1978. We have sometimes laughed at the way some of your readers put their fantasies on paper and claimed they saw it happen; we have also enjoyed some of the more serious letters dealing with the erotic aspects of mixed wrestling. We even got a kick out of it when a section of the old paperback, *Tropic of Lust* was plagiarized by a man who claimed, "I Married a" etc. But this guy M.T. from New Jersey has gone too far. I mean, enough is enough.

M.T. sits down with some fantasies and a pen, projects the characters played by various actresses into the personalities of the actresses, then tries to predict who would win if Henner took on Swit or Benton took on Ladd. By itself M.T.'s hobby is harmless enough but he really should learn something about the actresses before he lets you publish his ideas.

I suppose we would have let it all slide if he hadn't paired Randi Oakes against Stephanie Powers and then, wonder of wonders, had Powers winning. Oakes is a young, healthy, athletic girl from the farmlands of the midwest. She is well built and in excellent condition. Powers would outlast her? Come on, M.T.; Stephanie's skinny little body could hardly be expected to *survive* a "fast start" by Oakes, let alone be around when Oakes "runs out of gas." Luv 'n stuff.—CAT, Houston.

"Blondes lose, blacks dominate..."

In response to the letter from V.F. of New York, he has some interesting celebrity catfights. Here is what I think would happen and who would win each fight. Valerie Bertinelli would easily kick Marie Osmund's ass. Valerie's body is too strong and Valerie would pin her down and slap her silly.

Kristy McNichol vs. Erin Moran would be much more even, but Kristy would come on at the end, slapping Erin to a sitting position holding a bloody nose. Kristy would karate kick Erin in the belly to end it, making Erin cry.

Tatum O'Neal would have fun punching Linda Blair in the soft bare belly. After giving her belly a good workout, she would trip her on her belly and end it with a hammerlock.

I picture Linsay Wagner talking big but getting her ass kicked by Randy Oakes who would be too fast and solid for Wagner. Randy would embarrass her with punches to the belly, tits and nose. Then she would pin her.

I picture a dull fight with Cheryl Tieg and Susan Anton. Anton would finally win the fight with a chinlock, making the model beg for mercy.

I picture a pretty good fight with Christie Brinkly and Farrah Fawcett. Brinkly would have a field day making a fool out of Farrah in a combination boxing and wrestling match. Farrah would put up her dukes but would spend half the fight on her knees trying to get up after a barrage of punches to the belly and face. I see Brinkly finally ending the match with an armlock, all the while Farrah trying to keep a smile on her face as she slowly begins to cry.

Barbara Eden would be too much for Mary Tyler Moore, I picture Barbara slapping Mary down time after time and laughing as a wobbly Moore tries to keep her dignity.

I picture a good matchup with Goldie Hawn pinning Sally Fields with a knees-on-the-shoulder press, humiliating her, tearing off her bra and doing a victory dance.

I agree with most readers that blondes usually lose to brunettes and black girls dominate white girls.

I saw Cathy "Cat" Davis fight in North Carolina a few years ago. She was a blonde pretty girl, about twenty-five, who was really built up by the press. I saw her box this pretty black girl who knocked "Cat" out in the third round. "Cat" went down five times and it was a joke seeing her on wobbly legs trying to live up to her press buildup. They finally stopped the one-sided fight. She really got her ass kicked, let me tell you. If you or anyone else knows what ever happened to her, I'd love to know.—T.T., New Jersey.

Twenty “dream fights”

In your September issue I discovered the article about “Dream Fights,” and I’d like to include a list of my own and speculate about the outcome.

1. Dolly Parton vs. Adrienne Barbeau. Adrienne has the advantage in height, but country living would make Dolly the winner. Naturally a lot of breast twisting and pounding would be involved.

2. Morgan Fairchild vs. Victoria Principal. Most folks think Victoria would win, but my money is on the bitchy Morgan. Too much meanness there for a befuddled Vicky to handle.

3. Lynda Carter vs. Farrah Fawcett. Two outdoor gals tangle. Farrah is quicker, but Lynda is too much for the blonde. Farrah loses her nerve and begs for mercy to no avail.

4. Barbi Benton vs. Loretta Swit. The luscious Barbie is no match for tough-as-nails Loretta. The blonde wins easily and feels little in return.

5. Loni Anderson vs. Jayne Kennedy. Even until Loni tires, and then its ass kicking time for the bouncy blonde.

6. Christie Brinkly vs. Barbara Eden. The young Christie takes a beating while she learns the meaning of “seasoned vet.” Barbara gives her foe some “Dreams of Jeanie.”

7. Valerie Bertinelli vs. Linda Blair. Long drawn-out fight before Linda wins. Valerie goes down to Linda’s hard fists.

8. Tanya Tucker vs. Linda Ronstadt. Linda is cuter but she’s no match for an angry blonde. Black eyes for Linda.

9. Linda Evans vs. Bo Derek. Two old rivals clash, but the older Linda is more experienced. Eight, nine, ten—Bo, you’re out!

10. Erin Moran vs. Charlene Tilton.

When I picked up your September issue and read about the dream fights, it really excited me to see that other people have dreams like I do. I read all the matches about who won and lost and even though I didn’t agree with all the winners and losers, it gave me something to think about. I rearranged a lot of the fights and added some of my own. I hope you find the space to print some of my opinions.

Winner	Loser	Comments
Uschi Digard	Candy Samples	Uschi is too tough for the aging Candy and wins in a close bout.
Kandi Barbour	Seka	Seka is much overrated as a fighter and as a result Kandi will not only pin Seka, she will knock her out.
Tanya Tucker	Catherine Bach	Tough fight for both, but Tanya should come out on top. Catherine will eventually give up.
Kate Jackson	Cheryl Tiegs	Kate starts slow but comes on to pin the blonde beauty.
Adrienne Barbeau	Stephanie Powers	Two powerful gals going all out and after a long, hard battle Adrienne’s fists will put exhausted Stephanie into dreamland.
Barbie Benton	Susan Anton	Really a toss-up. Susan is a tough gal but Barbie should survive and come out on top.
Bo Derek	Farrah Fawcett	Farrah not a fighter. Bo will dominate.
Jane Kennedy	Jane Fonda	Probably the most one-sided fight. Fonda will be down often as Kennedy hardly works up a sweat.
Cathy Lee Crosby	Linda Carter	Wonderwoman has met her match. Cathy, a tough cookie, will have her hands full but Linda will be counted out.
Tanya Roberts	Olivia Newton-John	Tanya comes out swinging and never looks back as Olivia is knocked senseless.
Jaclyn Smith	Lauren Hutton	Lauren is game as they come. It should be a toss-up, but Jaclyn will wear her down.
Linda Evans	Victoria Principal	Wow, what a fight this will be! Linda will batter her tough opponent and score a close pin.
Leslie Ann Warren	Cheryl Ladd	Cheryl no slouch, but Leslie’s fists will knock her out.
Morgan Fairchild	Diana Ross	Always the underdog, Morgan will give Diana a lesson on how to fight. She will win rather easily.
Lola Falana	Marilu Henner	Marilu will dominate early but fades at the end and is out cold as Lola has her way.
Ali MacGraw	Donna Mills	Ali is mean when her dander gets up and poor Donna is on the receiving end of all the punishment. Donna is no match.
Pia Zadora	Sally Struthers	Small and wiry Pia will close fight as Sally is worn down.
Loretta Switt	Diane Keaton	Take your pick. Mine is Loretta.
Valeri Bertinelli	Randy Oakes	A wild one! Randy will more than hold her own. Valerie suffers a lot, but Randy tires and eventually gives up.
Julie Christie	Britt Ekland	Probably the dirtiest fight of the bunch. Hair pulled, tits squeezed, pain on both their faces. Punches to Britt’s stomach will eventually wear her down and Julie will score a knockout.

Best star, Cathy Lee Crosby. Worst star, Jane Fonda. Best porn star, Serena and worst porn star Seka. Thank you for your time.—T. C., Los Angeles.

I found the "Fantasy Fight" comments of M. T. of New Jersey very stimulating and interesting. Below are matches and my results that I would like to share with you and your readers—N. K., North Dakota.

Winner	**Loser**	**Comments**
Kitten Natividad	Candy Samples	Two big titted babes in a wrestling, boob brawling bout with Candy's soft tits no match as she submits to Kitten's attack.
Vanessa Del Rio	Rhonda Jo Petty	Puerto Rican bombshell is relentless. Rhonda Jo begins to cry and is totally humiliated being smothered by Ms. Del Rio.
Mai Lin	Serena	Oriental beauty proves too much for Serena. Blonde suffers.
Seka	Lee Carroll	Even with good hair pulling and pussy attacks. Lots of scratching.

Charlene proves dynamite comes in small packages. She beats Erin to a pulp, then demands verbal surrender.

11. Judy Landers vs. Raquel Welsh. Two big chicks slug it out. The brunette is too much for the busty Judy. Ends with a knockout.

12. Sally Struthers vs. Misty Rowe. Sally all the way. Misty cries like a baby. It doesn't help.

13. Lisa Todd vs. Olivia Newton-John. Lisa can't cope with physical Olivia, despite her advantage in size. A leg-scissors to the waist has Lisa groaning in agony.

14. Suzanne Somers vs. Joan Collins. A mismatch. The ultra-bitch Joan humiliates Suzanne, who talks a good fight but can't back up her big words.

15. Bernadette Peters vs. Ann Jillian. Two tough cookies. A few good uppercuts give Ann the win.

16. Lydia Cornell vs. Lola Falana. Short and not so sweet for Lydia. Those big blue eyes click shut as she gets a good lesson in black power from high-energy Lola.

17. Ann Margret vs. Donna Dixon. Donna gets off to a quick start but Ann ends up spanking the blonde's plump butt.

18. Terri Garr vs. Madeline Kahn. The sexy vixen Madeline nearly tears her foe's tits off before Terri can quit.

19. Margot Kidder vs. Tanya Roberts. Fierce long catfight until Margot sends Tanya to dreamland.

20. Kathleen Beller vs. Sarah Purcell. Athletic Sarah tears her chesty opponent to shreds.

To conclude, I know these are just dream matches, but what about a dream-match cartoon? The fans would love it!—T.W., Virginia.

Blacks vs. whites...

I read with great interest the list of Dreamfights supplied by M.T. of New Jersey in the September issue. I agree with him on all the results. Your staff voted on a number of fights, and you also said that blacks would defeat whites. I have composed below a list of six fights featuring blacks vs. whites. The first four are between rock singers; blacks are listed first.

Diana Ross vs. Linda Ronstadt
Natalie Cole vs. Crystal Gayle
Marilyn Mascoo vs. Pat Benatar
Irene Cara vs. Sheena Easton
Jayne Kennedy vs. Leslie Ann Warren
Lola Falana vs. Susan Anton

I would like your staff and the readers to vote on the matches I have listed. I have seen three fights between blacks and whites, and the black girl won each time. They are much more agile.

Please publish the results of your poll. I am interested in knowing whether any of the white entertainers won.—R.H., Pennsylvania.

"A Joe Louis left hook..."

Thanks for all the great catfight stories in your "Fight Time" section. As an avid catfight fan I must admit getting to see a real live contest is awfully difficult. Therefore I think the idea of "Dream Fights" is really great; after all, a little fantasizing is good once in a while. The match-ups of celebrities sent in by your readers have really been good. I would treasure seeing any one of them in real life. The one that sticks out in my mind most of all is the Farrah Fawcett vs. Diana Ross match. I think its because you have the classic white vs. black match here. Also let's face it, Farrah is the perfect All-American girl type with the blonde hair, toothy smile, great physique and nice tits. Farrah is also known for her hot temper.

If you look, on the other hand, at Diana Ross, it's a bit different. Sure, she is a darned good looker in her own right, but in a beauty match Farrah would win hands down. First off, blonde hair almost always wins. Plus Farrah is a bit ahead, who could forget her protruding nipples on her famous poster? Now, where Diana Ross excels is in the talent department and there is no doubt about that. I feel that she is by far the better actress, and if you disagree about that, then what about her talents as a singer? First with the fantastic Supremes and then solo as she is today. Who could argue with that?

So this is where the green-eyed monster comes out in Farrah, when she is compared to Diana and it is here that we have the makings of a great catfight in front of a whole lot of other Hollywood stars. Say, for instance, that Farrah has already sized up Diana and then approaches her at this big bash with orders to lay her eyes off her date or else. Then in an instant both stars are into each other's hair before anyone realizes it. Immediately the crowd comes to life and why not, it's not every day you get to see Farrah and Diana on the floor slugging it out tooth and nail. Everyone cheers his favorite.

As the fight wears on both women are taking a beating, but the smaller and lighter Diana seems to be in control of an ever-tiring Farrah. The ebony's dress is torn down the front and both of Diana's tits are exposed, but Farrah's dress is completely gone and soon her bra and panties join the dress on the floor, and boy, is this crowd in for a treat! The sexy blonde can no longer take it. Farrah is in tears and is sorry she ever picked a fight with Diana who can really dish it out. The golden locks are a tangled mess, the pretty face is a bit scratched and being in her birthday suit is no help either.

Diana wreaks havoc on Farrah's tits—pulling, twisting and tweaking the little nipples at the end of Farrah's disappointing boobs. Diana gives all a show with her fingers gouging at Farrah's asshole and blonde pussy. Before too long poor Farrah is a complete wreck. Diana ends up knocking Farrah out with a Joe Louis left hook and completes the job with a face-sitting for those lucky enough to have a camera with them.—Stan, New York.

Bad temper vs. pride

Here is why the "Dream Fight" between Diana Ross vs. Farrah Fawcett is such a great turn-on. Let's look at the two and what they've done. Farrah's movies such as *Logan's Run, Saturn 3 and Sunburn* were flops compared to Diana's *Lady Sings the Blues* and *Mahogany*. Diana has been a superstar since the 60s as lead singer of the Supremes and today is still very popular and is a lady with a lot of class. Farrah became an overnight sensation because of a poster, and why? Because there she sat in a swimsuit, she was blonde with a toothy smile and protruding nipples. In a catfight my vote goes to Diana, the so-called "All American Girl" may have a bad temper, but the ebony Diana surprises all with her pride and wins by a knockout and tops it off with a good face-sitting exposing Farrah's disappointing titties to all.

Other bouts include Ann Miller vs. Cyd Charisse. "Battle of the Dancers": Pick em.

Pam Grier vs. Joey Heatherton. Pam easily tears Joey apart and literally wipes the floor with the blonde.

Cher vs. Toni Tenille. Toni proves the better singer and fighter leaving Cher and her flapjack boobies out cold.

Julie Andrews vs. Candy Samples. Forget size and weight, it will be a tough one but Julie will win and pound Candy's big fat sloppy tits into oblivion.

Please don't end "Dream Fights."—C. D., New York.

"Heavy cunt attacks..."

The response in the September issue to "Dream Fights" was incredible! My compliments to M. T., New Jersey, for his imagination in composing a super list of fights. I particularly enjoyed the comments on the outcome of the fights. However I disagree with the results of two matches. Marilyn Chambers would rip Serena to shreds because of her athletic ability. Sure, Serena has made catfight movies, but they were all phony. This fight would contain heavy cunt attacks which would cause Serena's downfall. The other fight between Raquel Welch and Dyan Cannon is a good one, but Ms. Welch is just too strong. On a pair of winners, who does M. T. like between Donna Mills and Catherine Bach?

Obviously there are many readers including myself who have certain fantasy fights we would all love to share. I hope *Cavalier* does not saturate the magazine totally with this concept because it could start to get dull. However I strongly support V. R.'s idea on surveying fights between the beautiful models that grace your pages. What you could devise is a mail-in ballot using M. T.'s format in which the readers can respond. You could take two matches (Rita, pp. 5-11 vs. Carol Robins, pp. 69-75 and Penny pp. 21-27 vs. Linda Lane pp. 55-60, all September) and ask the readers to vote on the outcome. This will keep us "dream fight" readers satisfied without bombarding your staff with our own choices. We can always comment when you print the results. You could offer the

In keeping up with the dream fight craze, my roommate Carl and I put a list of ten super match-ups that we'd like to share with other readers. Please encourage others to share their comments and dream fights. Keep 'em comin'!—A. D. and C. B., San Francisco.

Favorite	**Underdog**	**Comments**
Dyan Cannon	Valerie Perrine	Two bitchy blondes with killer instincts. Strength about equal, but Dyan's temper gets it all.
Lee Carroll	Seka	Queen of Porn vs. her rival in a no-holds-barred wild battle. Struggle ends on floor and Lee begins to score with vicious tit attack. Great fight!
Sandahl Bergman	Tanya Roberts	For blonde vs. brunette fans, these two jungle wildcats cannot be separated. Tanya tires early and is easily dominated by the stronger Sandahl. Look for a lot of hair pulling!
Morgan Fairchild	Barbara Carrera	Dead even! Anything goes in this fight. Tit and cunt attacks with nail scratching and hair pulling. A natural for these two wildcats with upset very possible. Look for a lot of foul language.
Jayne Kennedy	Marilyn McCoo	Two foxy blacks with strong bodies. As they fall to the floor each tries to pin the other. Marilyn cries uncle!
Britt Eklund	Jacqueline Bisset	Both foxes work out to stay in shape. Ms. Eklund the bitchier of the two and can prove it. Long fight with endurance being the factor. Good chance on upset because J. B. is mean.
Olivia Newton-John	Sheena Easton	Quick fight and Sheena is beaten easily. Upset very unlikely!
Donna Mills	Farrah Fawcett	Two very popular dream fighters. Donna goes for hair early and fight ends up on floor. Donna finishes Farrah with hard slaps and bends her legs over her head!
Pat Benetar	Debbie Harry	Female vocalists express themselves with fists. Pat KO's Debbie with solid punch to her head and gut.
Mai-Lin	Kandi Barbour	U.S. vs. China. Two hot porn stars in a nude battle give it all. Both fight standing up and lock hands in a battle of strength. Look for breast and body attacks with Mai-Lin getting upper hand.

model with the most votes a "little extra." And who knows if the loser thinks the readers aren't right and would win in a real match? *Cavalier* has a good incentive to possibly set one up for the cameras.

Keep up the good work! Keep covering the fights!—Paul, California.

"Sinewy thighs hold firm..."

In response to the letter from M. T. in the September issue, I found his list of dream fights interesting and I must admit that I agree with his choice of winners in most cases. Notable exceptions are as follows:

Farrah Fawcett over Tanya Roberts: Very close indeed, but street tough Tanya has more desire; pins Farrah after wild battle.

Stephanie Powers over Randi Oakes: No contest. Randi is too athletic and too competitive. Stephanie, used to easy life, surrenders meekly.

Lynda Carter over Susan Anton: Close for a while, but Anton's long legs too much for buxom Carter in the end. "Wonder Woman" finally submits to crushing leg scissors across her chest.

Here is my own list of favorites for "championship matches" in the following categories:

1. Black Entertainers: Lola Falana over Donna Summer. Summer a much more worthy foe than Diana Ross. Sultry tigresses battle long and hard for supremacy, but Lola's powerful dancer's legs give her the edge. Summer finally quits after thorough beating by dominant Falana.

2. Super Models: Christie Brinkley over Chryl Tiegs. A mismatch. Brinkley embarrasses Cheryl with superior speed and strength. Tiegs pinned within five minutes.

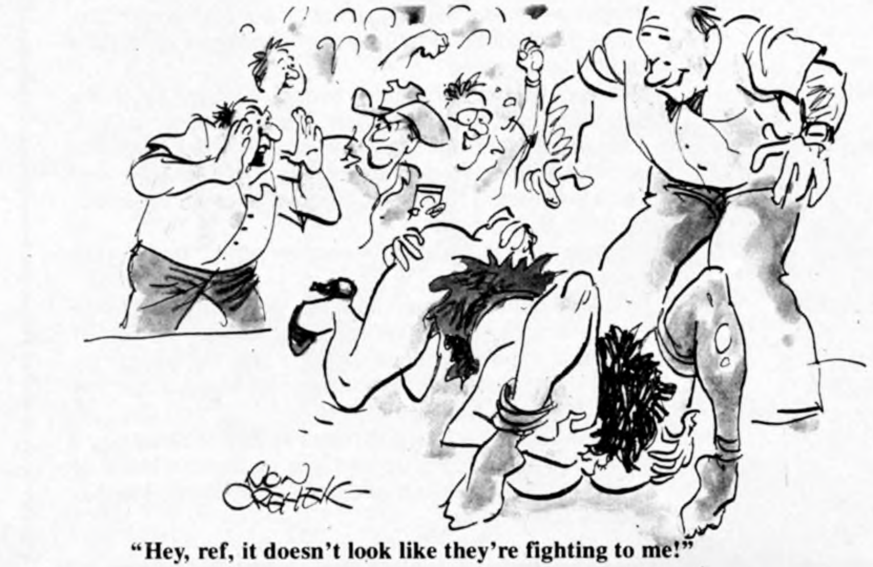
3. Distance Runners: Allison Roe over Mary Decker. America's distance queen against Roe from New Zealand, world marathon champ. Both are trim, marvellously conditioned athletes with strong shapely legs, but Allison's greater size and overall strength the difference. After spirited battle, exhausted Mary succumbs to bear hug, knee drop and body press by victorious Kiwi.

4. Movies: Patrice Donnelly over Mariel Hemingway. Screen lovers from *Personal Best* tangle in expected close match. Blonde Mariel younger and taller, but wily brunette is too strong. Match ends surprisingly quick with young Hemingway groveling at Donnelly's feet.

5. Television: Catherine Bach over Randi Oakes. Randi favored and controls action early, but leggy Bach battles back and totally dominates fading blonde in late stages. Badly beaten Oakes submits to brunette's deadly leg scissors after long desperate struggle.

6. Special "Dynasty" Women: Pamela Sue Martin over Linda Evans. Onscreen hatred spills over to wrestling mat. Evans is bigger and stronger, but younger Martin tougher. After early lead, blonde tires quickly. Pamela Sue works over devastated victim with cruel vengeance, leaving Evans a sobbing wreck in less than ten minutes.

7. Overall championship (best of the winners): Catherine Bach over Lola Falana. Classic struggle with both women reeling from exhaustion toward the end. Bach nearly finished by Lola's body scissors, but Falana's ebony thighs suddenly snap apart, terribly weakened by long battle. Bach's turn with head scissors. No escape this time for doomed Falana. Catherine's sinewy thighs hold firm as black woman's shimmering body thrashes with final desperate effort, then falls limp. Sexy long legged brunette reigns supreme.—J. M., San Francisco.



"Hey, ref, it doesn't look like they're fighting to me!"

A "dream fight" cock fight?

I have just read the September issue of *Cavalier.* Being a catfight fan the fight letters are of great interest to me. "Dream Fights" is particularly interesting. About four years ago I suggested that you do a pictorial starring some of the then-current porn queens such as Rene Bond and Tina Russell. At the time nothing was further mentioned, and now I'm glad to see that there is some renewed interest in this, while also adding some additional celebrities.

I would like to comment on the fight results submitted by M. T. of New Jersey. I disagree with the result of the Serena—Marilyn Chambers fight. His reasons that Serena has shorter hair in her new hairstyle and that she has been in catfight movies is inadequate. First of all, Marilyn did a photo session with Serena in a pool with both of them having short hair. Oh how I wish they would have been fighting rather than making out! Secondly, as far as catfight movies Serena has done, they were staged. From the ones that I saw, whenever the other girl grabbed Serena's hair she would stop fighting. Therefore I believe that Marilyn would win. As far as the others are concerned, I have no major disagreements.

These are a few fights I would like to see that no one has mentioned. Seka vs. Veronica Hart, Seka the winner. Lisa DeLeeuw vs. Annie Owens/Little Oral Annie? Annie Owens the winner after a savage breast fight between two big titted ladies. Adrienne Barbeau vs. Sally Struthers, Adrienne the winner.

I also agree with V. F. of New York in that you should get some of your recent models to have catfights. The one that I have in mind would be Laura Sands from the September issue vs. Cheryl Saunders from the September issue of *Nugget*. They appear to be the same size. I would cum in my pants for ten minutes watching these two gorgeous women tearing at each other's huge tits and lovely cunts. Maybe you could stage some cockfights for the female readers featuring John Holmes vs. John Keynes

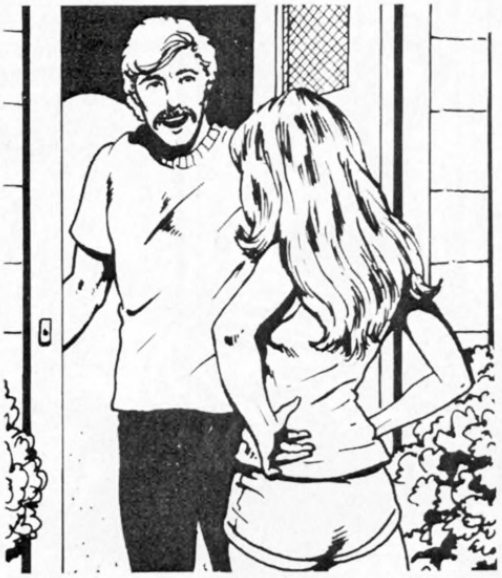
And for those fans who missed it on "Entertainment Tonight," there is a soon to be released movie called *No Man's Land* with a massive catfight featuring Joan Collins, Priscilla Barnes and many others.—A. D., Canada.

☆BIG☆ D PRESENTS

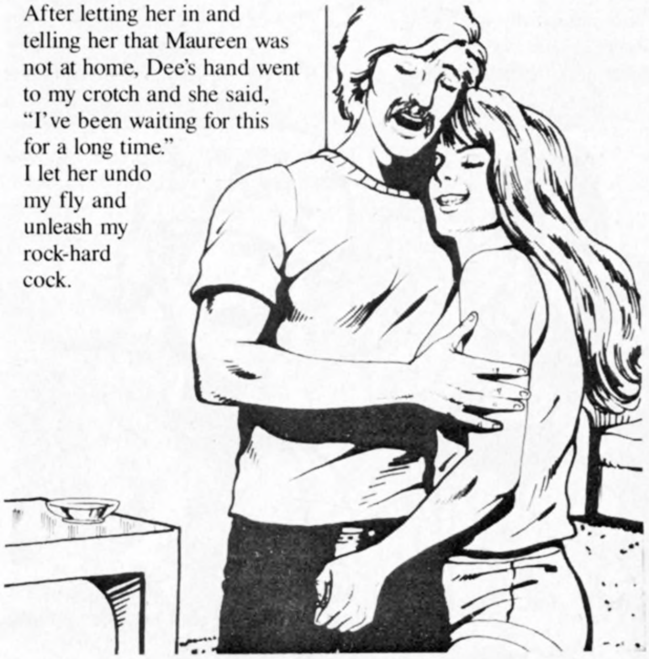
MAUREEN VS. DEE

Since I was a boy, fights between women have always been a turn-on for me. Whenever I read about a catfight or see such a fight it always causes an instant hard-on. Until recently I had never thought of my wife Maureen as much of a brawler, but I was wrong. After two years of married bliss I have discovered that Maureen can hold her own in any catfight. In the past six months she has been involved in two of the dirtiest and hardest fought girl fights you can ever imagine!

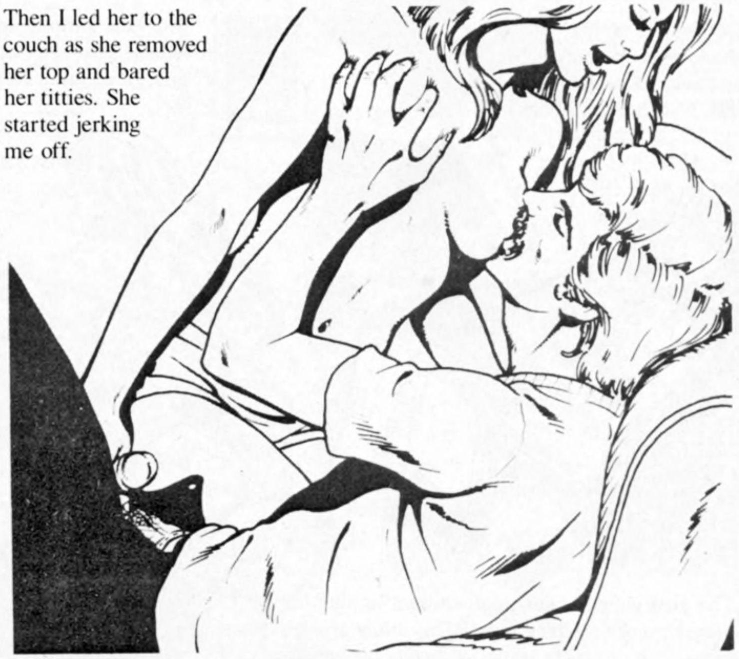
Dee is a cute little auburn haired beauty who lives on the next block with her husband. Dee and my wife have known each other for about two months; they have a card club with some other girls and they bowl on the same team. Dee has always kidded Maureen about how she would like to make it with me as a change of pace from her husband. Maureen has always laughed it off, until last Saturday. Dee had come to our house to borrow some salt while Maureen was at the store.



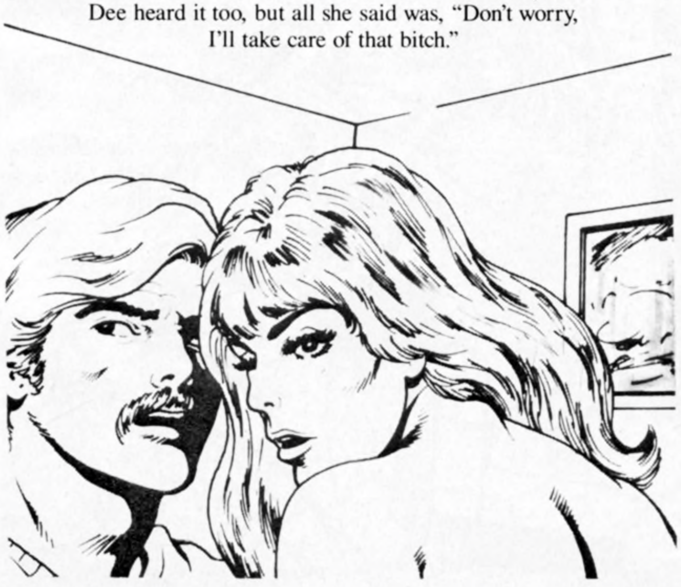
After letting her in and telling her that Maureen was not at home, Dee's hand went to my crotch and she said, "I've been waiting for this for a long time." I let her undo my fly and unleash my rock-hard cock.



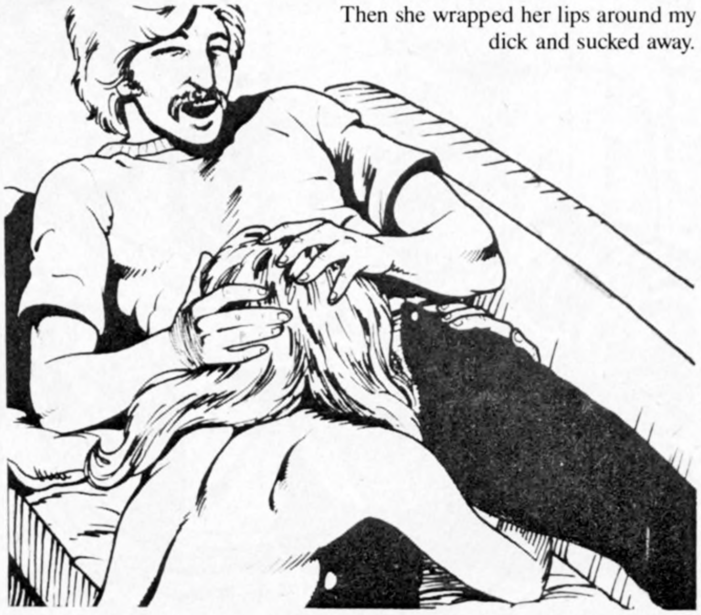
Then I led her to the couch as she removed her top and bared her titties. She started jerking me off.

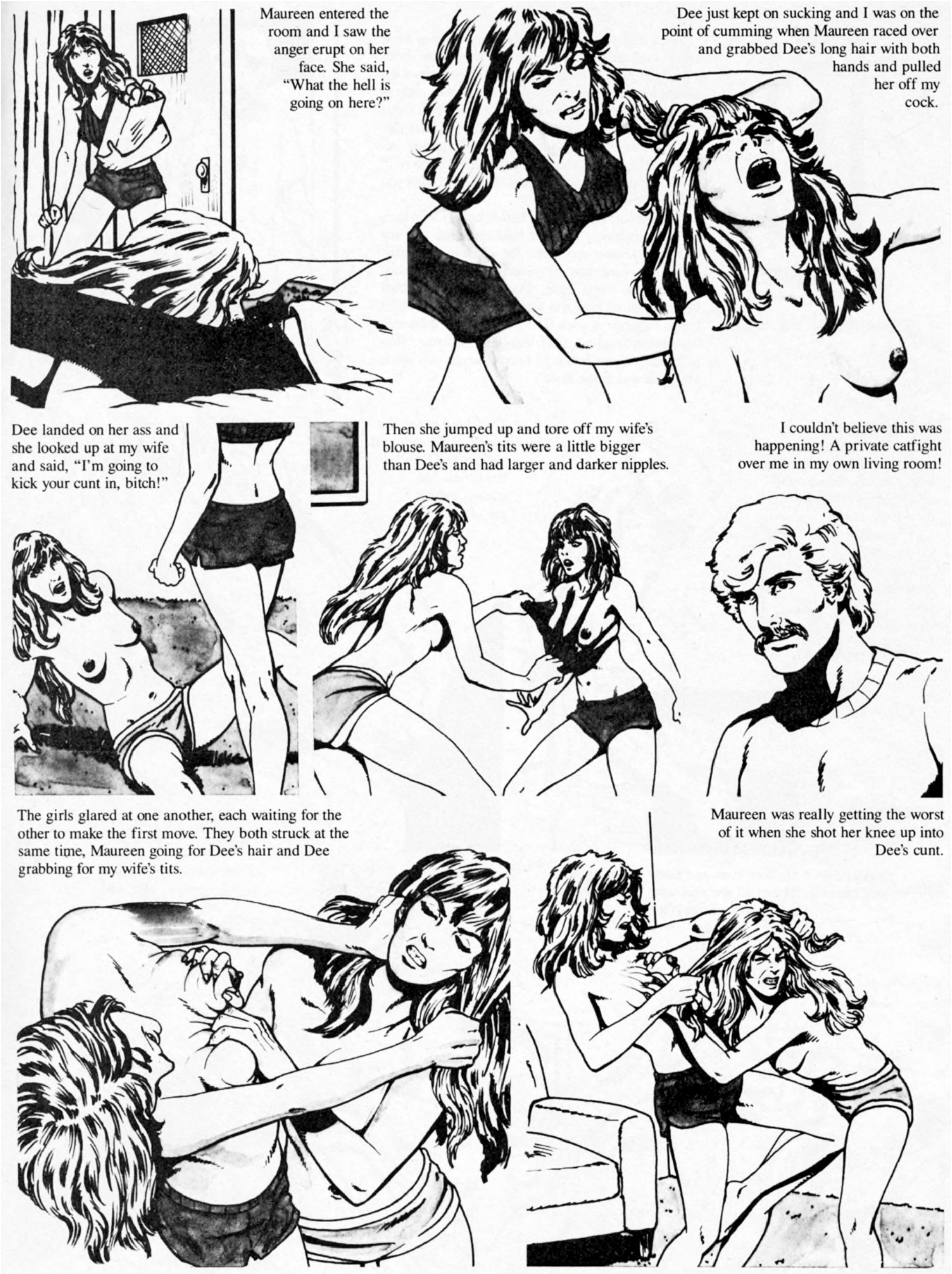


Then I heard a car door slam and knew it was my wife. Dee heard it too, but all she said was, "Don't worry, I'll take care of that bitch."



Then she wrapped her lips around my dick and sucked away.





Maureen entered the room and I saw the anger erupt on her face. She said, "What the hell is going on here?"

Dee just kept on sucking and I was on the point of cumming when Maureen raced over and grabbed Dee's long hair with both hands and pulled her off my cock.

Dee landed on her ass and she looked up at my wife and said, "I'm going to kick your cunt in, bitch!"

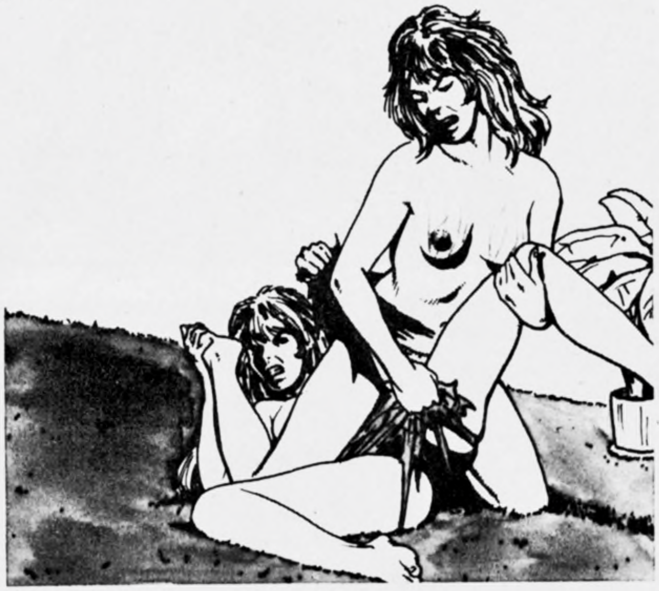
Then she jumped up and tore off my wife's blouse. Maureen's tits were a little bigger than Dee's and had larger and darker nipples.

I couldn't believe this was happening! A private catfight over me in my own living room!

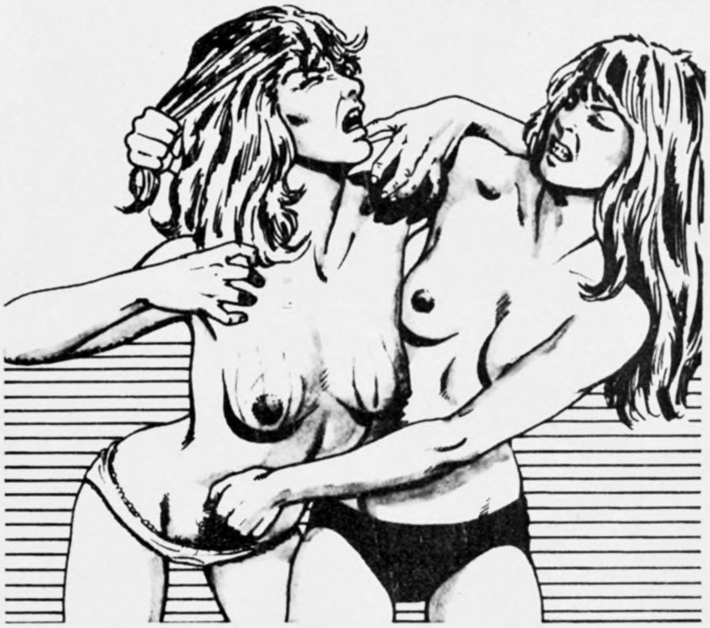
The girls glared at one another, each waiting for the other to make the first move. They both struck at the same time, Maureen going for Dee's hair and Dee grabbing for my wife's tits.

Maureen was really getting the worst of it when she shot her knee up into Dee's cunt.

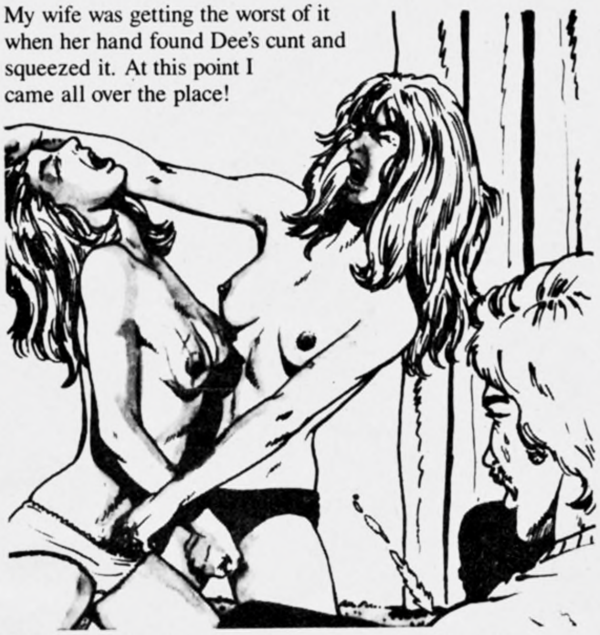
Dee let go and my wife went for Dee's shorts, trying to tear them off her. Dee fell to the floor as each girl ripped the other's shorts to shreds, leaving each of them in bikini panties.



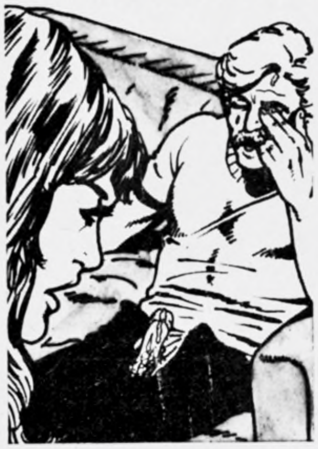
The hairs of my wife's lush brown bush were sticking out of her panties. Dee saw the long hairs, grabbed them and pulled unmercifully at Maureen's pussy. With her other hand Dee grabbed the hair on Maureen's head.



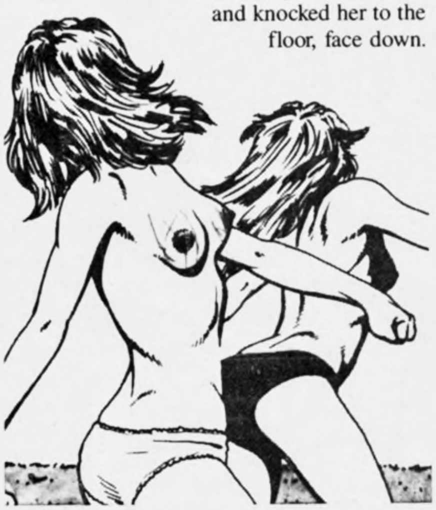
My wife was getting the worst of it when her hand found Dee's cunt and squeezed it. At this point I came all over the place!



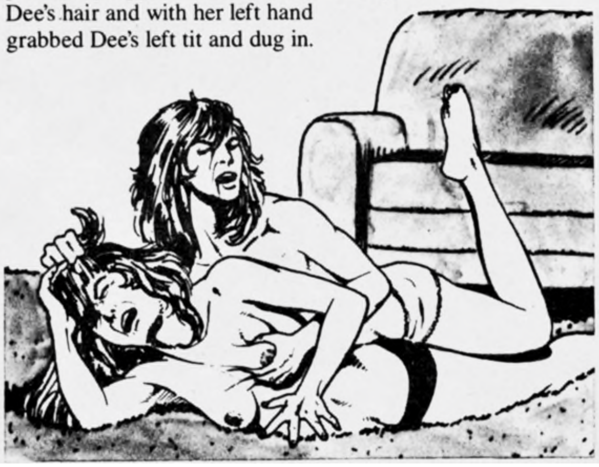
Dee released and attempted to come over and suck the cum off my cock, but never made it.



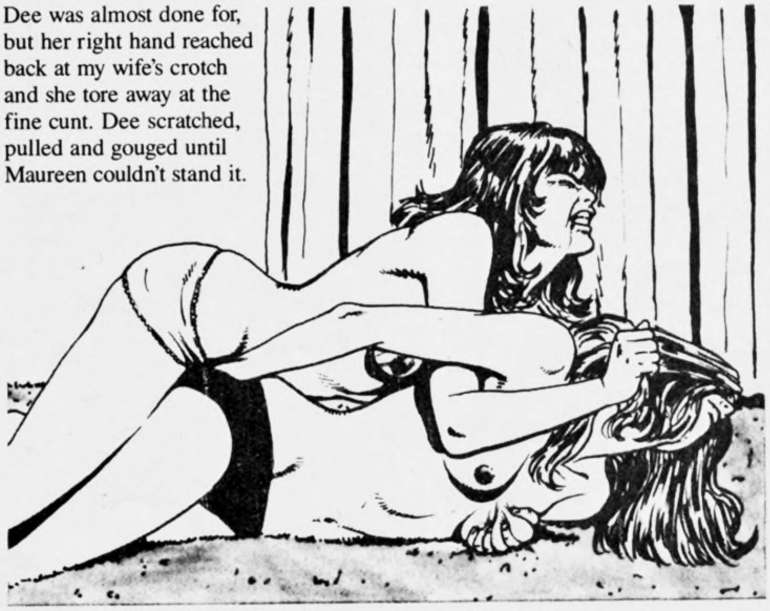
Maureen got behind Dee and knocked her to the floor, face down.



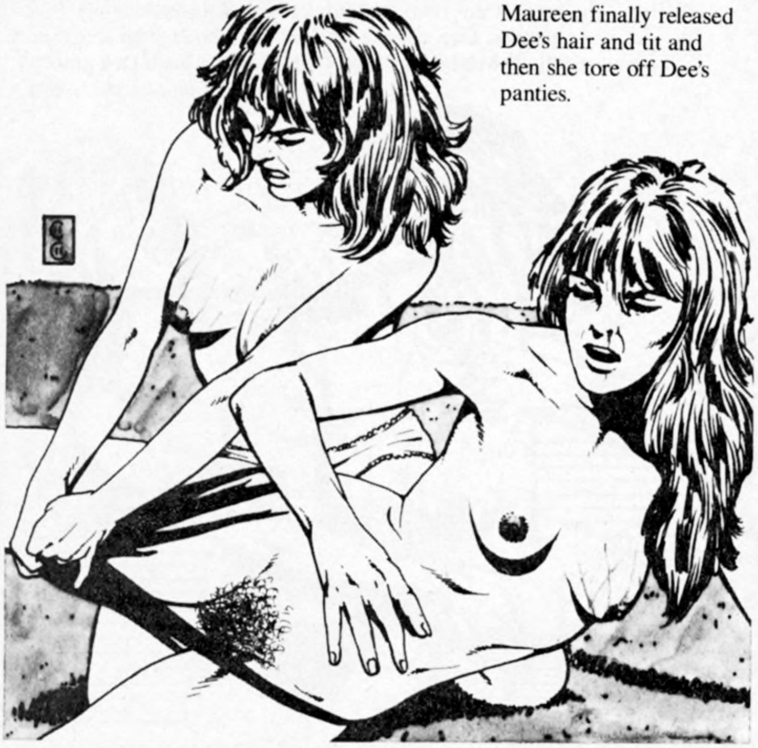
With my wife on Dee's back she tore at her hair and practically ripped it out. She kept her right hand in Dee's hair and with her left hand grabbed Dee's left tit and dug in.



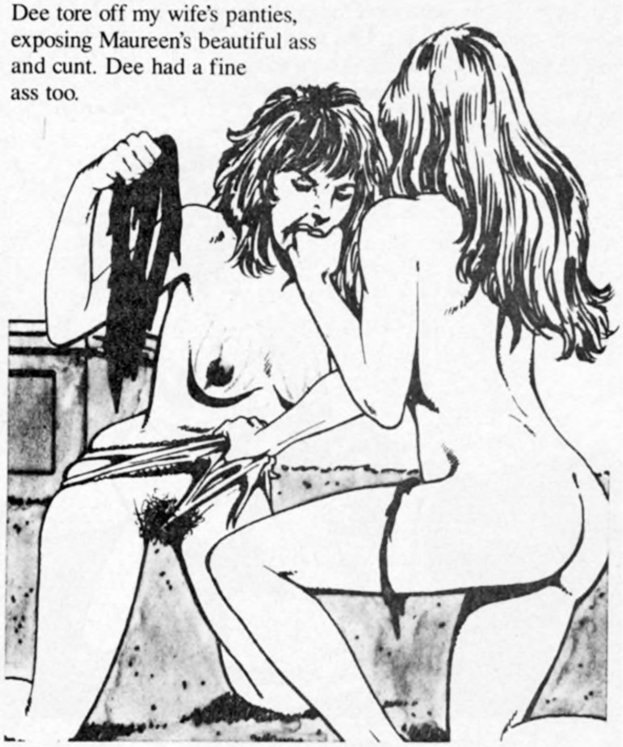
Dee was almost done for, but her right hand reached back at my wife's crotch and she tore away at the fine cunt. Dee scratched, pulled and gouged until Maureen couldn't stand it.



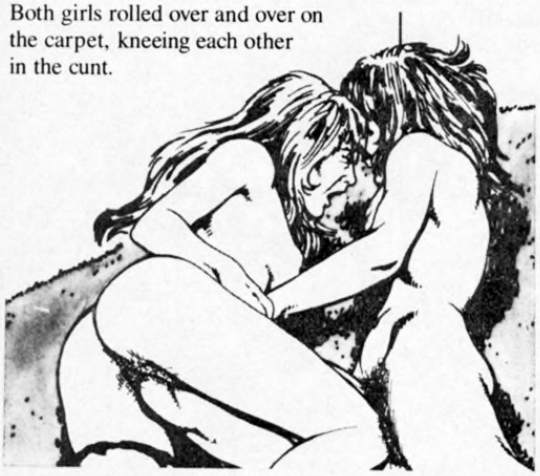
Maureen finally released Dee's hair and tit and then she tore off Dee's panties.



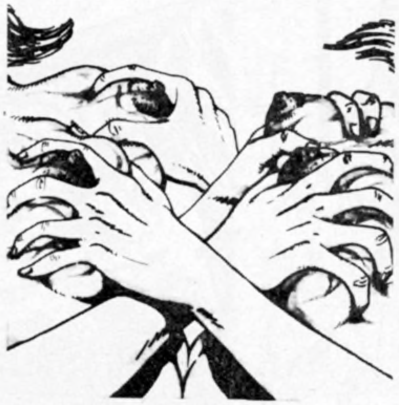
Dee tore off my wife's panties, exposing Maureen's beautiful ass and cunt. Dee had a fine ass too.



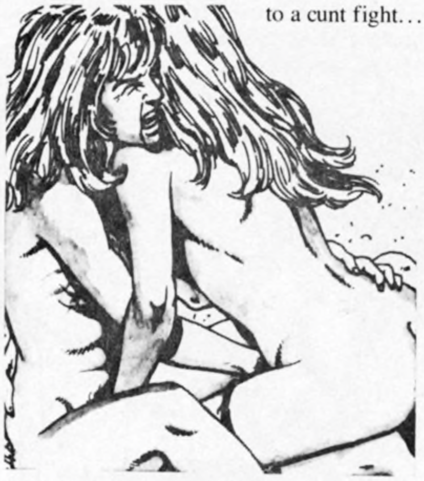
Both girls rolled over and over on the carpet, kneeing each other in the cunt.



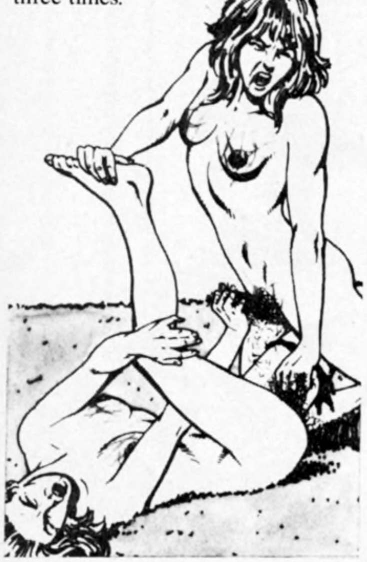
The fight progressed from a tit-fight



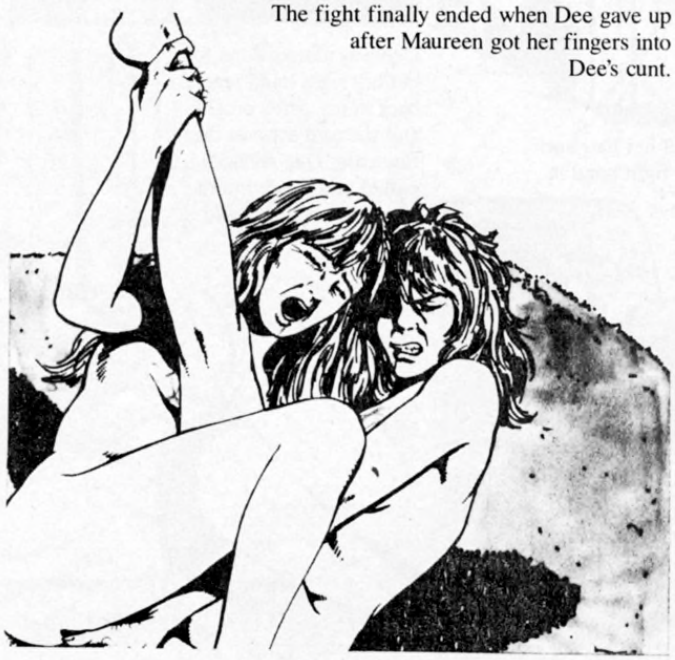
to a cunt fight…

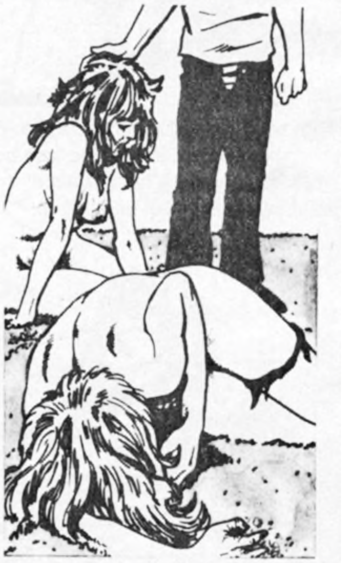


to a good old-fashioned hair pulling brawl. I must have shot my wad three times.

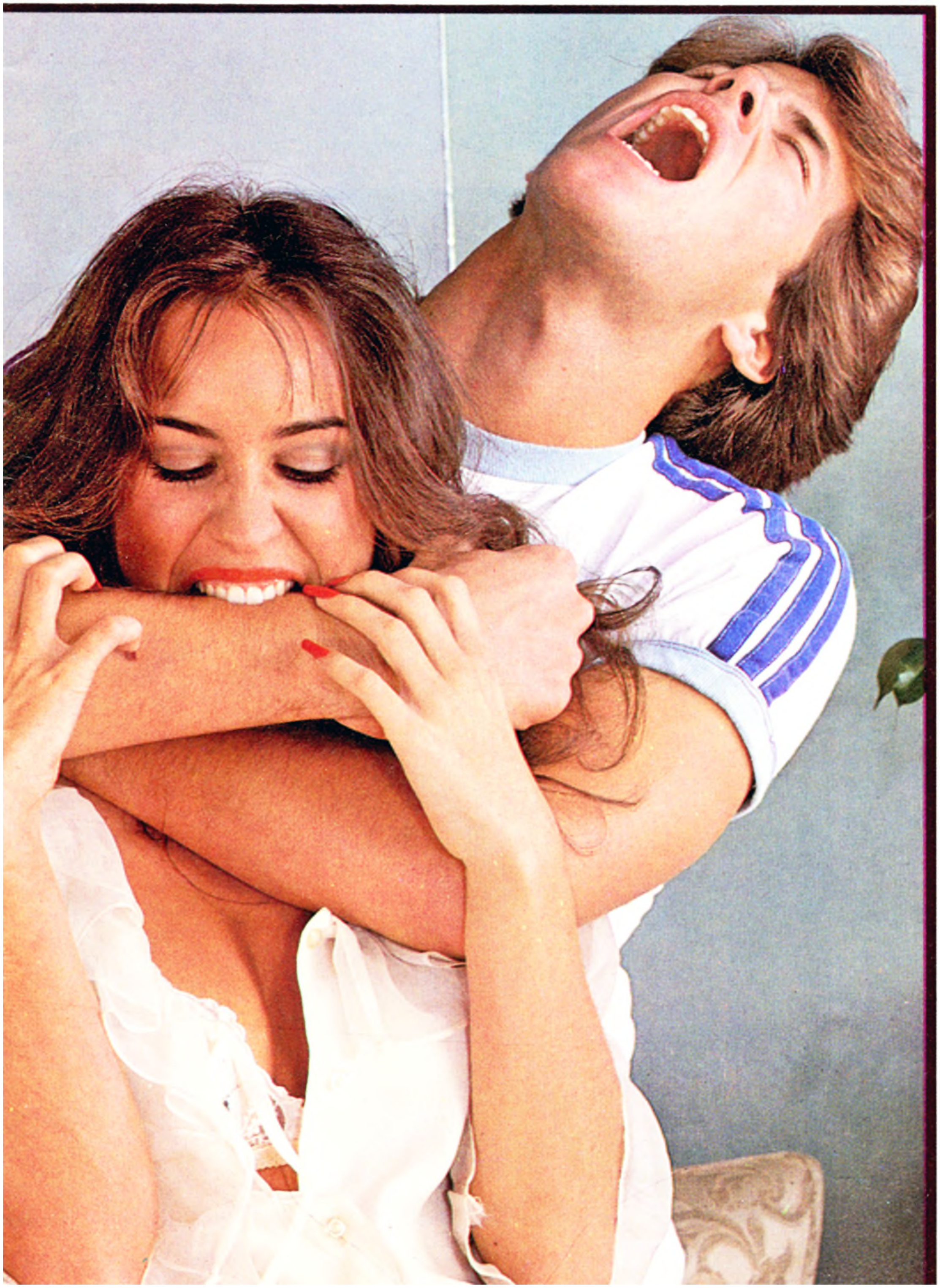


The fight finally ended when Dee gave up after Maureen got her fingers into Dee's cunt.





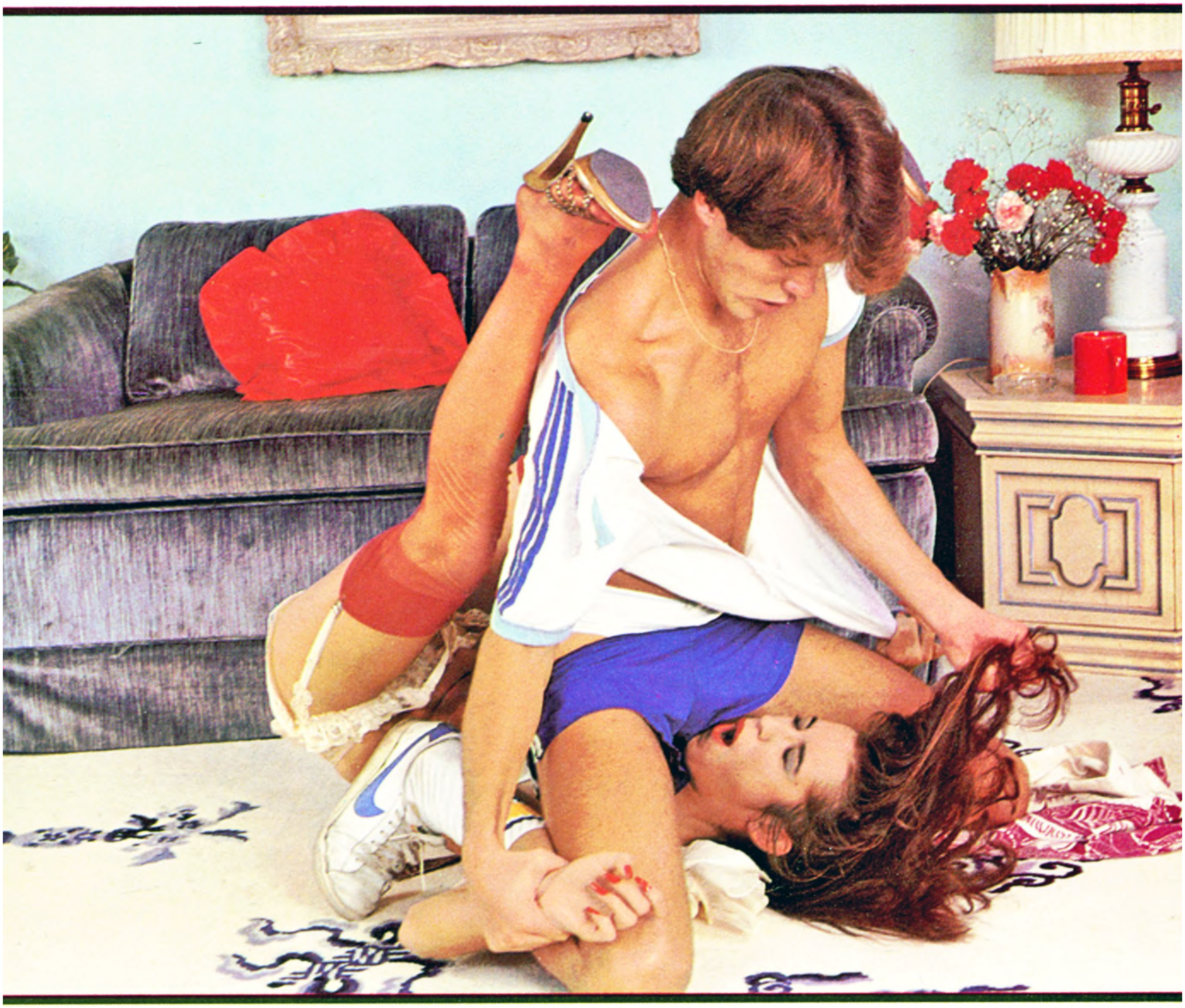
My wife is one hell of a catfighter and our lovemaking has never been better!



Battle Of The Sexes

• As any fight fan aficionado knows, male/female fights are a big turn-on for many of us and a refreshing diversion from female catfighting. Ken and Lara, an otherwise loving couple, reenact one of their most notorious battles as Lara discovers Ken on the phone with one of her hated rivals, and from his hand in his shorts, they obviously aren't talking about the weather. Ken makes the mistake of slapping her face and the fight is on! Lest you have the mistaken impression that a boy/girl fight is no match, you've obviously never really tangled with a woman when she's pissed off. Women, you see, don't engage in any rules when they're angry. She will use her teeth, nails and anything else.

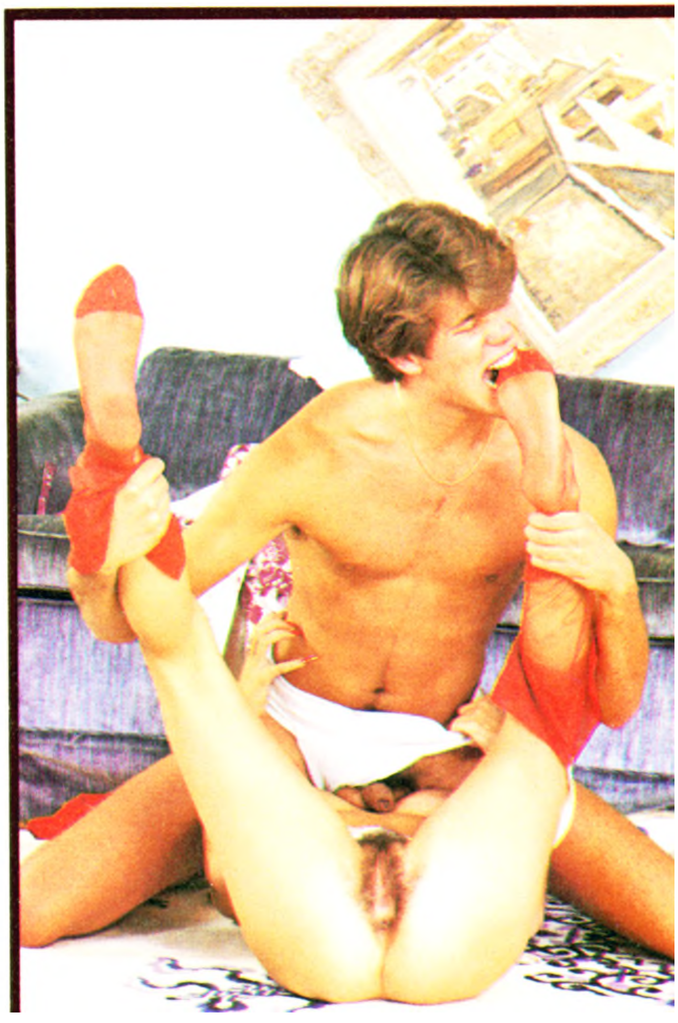
Man's natural instinct in battle is to use his fists but for a woman, there are no rules. She'll bite, kick, scratch and even knee a guy in the balls if she's truly furious and since men are taught not to hit women, he is usually at a disadvantage. Man may be the physically stronger sex, but women are known to become more enraged and dangerous in a battle.



As Ken learns in this battle, never underestimate a woman when she's fighting mad. All may be fair in love and war but although a guy may hesitate to use brute force on a woman, she has no such compunction. Women just don't fight clean. Ken appears to have an advantage because he's bigger and more muscular than Lara, but the more strength he exerts, the more angry she becomes until she is a whirlwind of biting, scratching and screaming fury. Women are known to have very strong thigh muscles and as Ken learns, above, once she gets a leg lock on his head, it's devastating. Many macho guys have learned a lesson in humility the hard way after a battle with a woman. We don't hear much about men getting the hell beat out of them by their ladies because let's face it, it's embarassing to admit that women are tougher.

On the previous pages, Ken seemed to have the advantage but here we see Lara beginning to apply some of her tricks. She proceeds to pull out some handfuls of hair for starters and then, from the look of her fingernails, below, could inflict some serious damage to his face. And as all of us know, although the battle may be for real, there's still something extremely erotic about it all and when Lara gets a thigh lock on Ken's head with his face buried in her pussy, right, he learns a lesson in humiliation. This also puts Lara at an advantage as Ken temporarily forgets self defense and starts thinking about sex. Speaking of sex, many couples report that it's never better than after a real knockdown, drag-out fight which is probably why many couples engage in this sort of foreplay. And on the next page we see the end result of this particular battle as Ken is finally defeated and then forced to submit to his lady's wishes by eating her pussy.

Ken has learned his lesson . . . that Hell truly hath no fury like a woman scorned. It will probably be some time before he decides to play around with another woman, unless he wants to get beaten to a pulp again.



SWEAT

Fight Time!

More from "Amazing Amazons"

> **"Joe wildly kicked his feet against the mat and tried to pull my hands away from his chin, but it was no use. I had him right where I wanted him . . . it was easy to ease my massive bottom onto his face . . ."**

Rebecca and I were thrilled with the response our first letter received. However, we've decided to pass on the challenges that were offered. We are quite content with the little guys who are brave enough or dumb enough to wrestle with us. G.C., Jack W., and the man from Pennsylvania were all a bit too big for us to take a chance with. We are not exactly experienced fighters. Besides, Jack W. sounded very angry. As far as the boasting goes, I don't remember any. I only said very large women can beat up very small men. With a significant size difference the male's natural advantage in muscle tissue percentage becomes a female advantage because her greater lean body weight gives her more muscle tissue.

We loved the letter from Amy and Debbie in the October issue. They certainly beat the daylights out of their little victims. Those five kneedrops Amy used on little Tommy must have been a lot of fun (for Amy, that is). If I tried that I'd spend the rest of my life in prison for murder. Rebecca and I are glad we inspired them to discover the joys of winning a sex slave. We hope they find more opponents.

Becky met a couple of brothers who recently agreed to wrestle us in our usual no-holds-barred slave match. We were certain we would win because both guys were so very, very thin. Again, our friend Joyce agreed to referee and keep a record of the match in return for some oral sex from our tiny opponents, should they lose. Becky's friend Jan also agreed to help out for the same payment. We figured our opponents, Bob and Joe would gladly eat Jan even if they'd won. She's gorgeous and I'd envy her body even if I lost 150 pounds.

Joe seemed like a pretty nice little guy, but Bob was a prick. He and Becky became bitter enemies before the match even started. He said our first two matches were bullshit and he constantly insulted us about our size. Being on the opposite end of the spectrum he didn't have much room to talk.

Bob was twenty years old, stood 5′5″ and weighed 116 pounds. Joe was eighteen years old, stood 5′6″, but weighed four pounds less than his older brother. Both guys had brown hair and eyes and wore blue swim trunks and white athletic socks. Becky is a twenty-six year old redhead, 5′10″ tall and weighed in at 258 pounds. I'm a thirty year old blonde, 6′2″—306 pounds. Becky and I wore our special black swimsuits and we always wrestle barefoot.

It was noon on the last Thursday in August when our best of seven falls match began. Starting out against Joe, I placed my leg behind him and pushed him down over it. I picked him up by his skinny little arm and placed him in a headlock. Flipping him over my hip I lay across his chest as I applied pressure to the headlock. In this position I knew my 194 lb. weight advantage would quickly wear him out. After releasing him I sat on his chest. This caused his face to turn bright red and he could hardly draw a breath. He was pushing against my thighs and squirming beneath me trying to get out from under my ass before my 306 lbs. crushed his small body. I let him think he was succeeding until I got a leg under him, then I rolled over and trapped him in a body scissors. I watched my thighs as they slowly crushed his middle, each of them looked bigger than his entire body.

HELP!

Whenever we publish an issue of *Cavalier* that does not include some fight letters, you really let us hear about it. Problem is, fans, sometimes we don't get enough fight letters to fill a "Fight Time" section. So, if you want to read about the action, you've got to take a little action yourself: take off the gloves and write us a letter. Send it to: "Fight Time," Cavalier, 2355 Salzedo St., Suite 204, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134.

He pushed and pulled at my thighs trying to pry them apart as he strained trying to squirm out from between them. It was no use though, despite his desperate efforts my legs just squeezed him tighter and tighter. I let him out of the scissors and stood over him asking him if he was ready to surrender the fall. He answered no, so I grabbed his arm and a handful of his hair and pulled him to his feet. I grabbed him in a headlock and began twisting his neck with the hold before throwing him back down to the mat. Joe got up with his back to me so I wrapped my arm around his throat and threw him over backwards to the mat. I fell on him and lay across his shoulders and chest, stretching his right arm straight out. Four times I lifted my massive body and slammed it down onto my puny captive, pounding the air out of his lungs.

I knew I had softened Joe up enough to pin him with an ass press now, but I wanted to have a little more fun first.

With two handfuls of his hair I "helped" Joe to his feet and squeezed him in a bearhug. I lifted him and shook his body from side to side and continued squeezing. He was pushing on my shoulders feebly trying to break the hold. I hurled Joe to the mat and sat on the small of his back yanking back on his chin. Joe wildly kicked his feet against the mat and tried to pull my hands away from his chin, but it was no use, I had him right where I wanted him. After releasing him it was easy to ease my massive bottom onto his face. He didn't even resist as Joyce counted him out. The fall lasted three minutes and twenty-six seconds.

As I stood over him I asked him if he was alright. With an embarrassed grin on his face he said he was okay. Since he was being such a good sport about things I offered him my hand and helped him up.

I pushed little Joe down into our corner to start the second fall. I caught him in a body scissors and combined it with a headlock. I held him helpless, punishing him awhile and then I reached up and tagged Rebecca.

Joe fought furiously to escape from Becky but within seconds she had rolled him over onto his chest. Holding his legs under her arms Becky quickly bent him backwards into a Boston crab. He clawed at the mat and begged to be released. Rebecca finally let poor Joe go after she was good and ready. Then she dropped her more than ample backside on his face and pinned him with the ass press. Joe was vanquished in only one minute and nineteen seconds this time.

After the minute rest period Joe still looked more dead than alive so Becky just spun him around and pushed him back to his own corner where he tagged his brother Bob.

Bob was the one Becky really wanted anyway. They had developed quite a hatred between them earlier, and I just hoped she wouldn't send him to the hospital.

With a big smile on her face, Becky punched him hard in the belly. As Bob doubled over she kicked him in the face and he fell over on his back. Becky then cruelly kicked him in the balls. As Bob suffered on the mat Rebecca just laughed. She must not have kicked his balls as solidly as she thought because despite his obvious pain he jumped up and punched her hard in the boob. That infuriated Becky and she put all her weight behind a punch to his eye that sent him back to the mat. Grabbing his legs she flipped him over and squatted over his head. She had him helplessly locked in a Boston crab and squatted even lower putting additional pressure on his already aching back. He was screaming and Joyce suggested that Becky end it before Bob's back was broken. So Becky released him and administered the ass press, bouncing and grinding her ass into his face as Joyce made the ten count. The third fall was over in only one minute and thirty two seconds.

Between falls, Jan, Joyce and I tried to calm Becky down a little. "Don't worry, I won't hurt him too bad. I'll just make him wish he'd kept his mouth shut!" I think she already had.

When the fourth fall started Becky picked Bob up and body slammed him. She told him what a pathetic fighter he was and made fun of how bony he was, as she strutted around his writhing body. Becky picked him up and hurled him down across her knee with a backbreaker. Her helpless victim lay twitching and gasping hideously. If Bob had begged Becky to stop at this point I'm sure she would have. Joe was begging her to stop. She told him to shut up or he'd get the same. Becky stepped hard on Bob's throat and put her weight into it, strangling him. As she looked down into his face she laughed at him. His face was bright scarlet and his eyes were bugging out when she finally stepped off of his throat.

Facing Bob's pencil-thin legs, Becky knelt over his face and placed his skinny arms across her calves. As she eased her big butt down on his helpless face she pulled his arms forward, locking them behind her knees and trapping them between her heavy thighs and calves. By doing this she kept his shoulders off the mat and could sit on his face as long as she wanted without pinning him. Some muffled sounds were coming from under Rebecca's beefy buns and she sarcastically asked Bob to speak up. Finally Joe's pleas on his brother's behalf got to Becky so she freed Bob and tagged me.

Bob was just lying there struggling to catch his breath and was in no condition to contend with my three hundred plus pounds. On the other hand he had insulted me too and I felt it was my duty as a lady to at least do something about it. I rolled his limp body over and sat on his back. Pulling back on his chin I locked him into a camel clutch. As I sat there bending his spine I began to feel like a bully. In between moans of pain it sounded like Bob was trying to speak. I relaxed my grip just enough to allow him to speak. He weakly said the word please so I let him go. I administered the ass press and smothered him between my fleshy fanny as Joyce counted Bob out. The fourth and final fall only took one minute and fifty-four seconds. Not counting rest periods, we had beaten them four times in just eight minutes and eleven seconds.

I went over to Joe, knocked him down and placed my foot on his chest. Becky placed her foot on Bob's face and we raised our arms in victory.

Our slaves' first task, if it can be called a task, was to eat both Joyce and Jan. It was now about a quarter to one in the afternoon and Bob and Joe belonged to Becky and me until seven-thirty the following evening.

Our puny former adversaries were ordered to immediately drop to their knees and shower our big, bare backsides with kisses, both big cheeks and then in between them. Then they had to cover each of our feet entirely with kisses, heels, insteps, soles, toes, ankles, everything. This little opening ritual never fails to excite Becky and me.

They spent the next thirty and a half hours kissing, licking and sucking on our pussies, feet and asses. They also had to cook for us, bathe us and give us relaxing foot and ass massages. Their faces and bodies often served as cushions for our feet and fannies. Before they were allowed to leave they had to present us with their autographed underwear as symbols of our decisive victory over them. —Sheila, Michigan.

"Kim grabbed two handfuls of hair and bent down and bit June's nose. June instantly broke off the attack on my wife's boobs. Kim jumped to her feet and gave June a vicious kick . . . straight to the pussy . . ."

I love your magazine because of your catfight letters each month. Just three weeks ago I had the chance to watch my first catfight between my pretty blonde wife and our neighbor. In the December issue, in "Speak Out," J.T. of Georgia wrote and said that he wants to hear about this type of catfight. Sorry, I have no pictures!

It all started when our neighbor's daughter pulled our daughter's hair one day in school. My wife Kim told our daughter that the next time she did it to pull her's back and to scratch her face. Well, the next day she did just that. Later that afternoon our neighbor June and her daughter came over to our house and started yelling at us and showing the scratches on her daughter and demanded an apology and wanted us to do something. Kim started yelling back and told June to get out or she would finish where her daughter left off! June just smiled and said she was a very dirty fighter and displayed her half inch well manicured nails. However Kim's nails were just as long, if not sharper because she is always filing them. Kim said the cellar playroom was available for settling the argument. June said fine, sent her daughter home and proceeded downstairs.

While I moved furniture and Kim

went upstairs to change she yelled to June and asked if she planned to wear her open toe spiked heels, to which June responded, "Of course." Kim was downstairs in a flash and June said, "Let's settle this in the nude because I don't want to break my nails tearing your clothes off." As they both undressed my eyes almost popped out of their sockets. June is 5′9″, 36C-24-35 with shoulder length brown hair. Kim is 5′8½″, 37C-23-36 and both of them looked pretty deadly.

Kim said to me, "Don't interfere in any way," then looked at her foe and said, "I'll show you how to really fight dirty, bitch." They both went for each other's hair ripping and tearing and June sent her knee into Kim's pussy and Kim went to her knees. June straddled her back, grabbed her from behind and started to dig her talons into my wife's pretty face. This made Kim scream and she started bucking like a horse and finally managed to stand up. June started using her claws on Kim's boobs. Kim dug her spiked heel into June's toes and broke free. At the same time Kim slapped June across the face with her claws out, making long scratches on June's face. She followed this with a kick to the stomach and a punch to the face and knocked June on her back. Kim pounced on top of her like a cat! She grabbed a handful of brown hair and started raking her razor sharp nails across June's eyes. I think she was really trying to scratch her eyes out!

June, in retaliation, went for Kim's luscious boobs again, digging in with her sharp grappling hooks and pulling and twisting, trying to rip them off her chest. At this point it was obvious that both of them were determined to disfigure each other as much as possible. Kim moved her hands down to pull free, but June had a firm hold and she dug deeper into the soft tit flesh. Kim started to tear at June's hair, but June moved one hand and with her thumbnail and middle fingernail grabbed Kim's right nipple and squeezed it between the knife-like sharpness. Kim screamed in agony trying to free herself from this torture as June continued to try to cut her nipple off with her sharp nails.

Kim, as if possessed, grabbed two handfuls of hair and bent down and bit June's nose. June instantly broke off the attack on my wife's boobs. Kim jumped to her feet and gave June a vicious kick straight to the pussy with her heeled foot. Then she sat on June's stomach, facing her pussy and smiled at me and then started pounding on her pussy and tearing her pussy hair. Then she started gouging at the cunt with her fingernail. By this time I thought June was done for because her pussy began bleeding, however June grabbed Kim by the throat, reached for her face with one hand and got two of her long slender fingers in Kim's nose and pulled her back and sank her teeth into Kim's cheek and threw her off. Kim was on all fours trying to get up but June was up first and sent her high heeled foot into Kim's pretty but bloodied face. She picked her up by the hair and punched her in the pussy as hard as she could and sent Kim sprawling.

June stood over her and grinned and put her spiked heel on Kim's bruised and scratched boob and started to slowly dig the heel in. Kim clawed at her leg and ankle to no avail and she pleaded with June to remove her foot, but June kept on slowly applying pressure. I couldn't stand it any longer and knocked June off my wife. Kim started to rub her sore boob and thanked me. Then she looked at June on the floor and said, "I'm not done yet!" She put her knee into her back, grabbed a fistful of hair and went for June's eyeballs! June put her hands up to cover her eyes and Kim dropped her head and sank her teeth into June's long neck as she continued trying to get her razor-like fingernails into June's eyeballs. June screamed and said that she quit, but Kim continued to bite and claw.

At this point I'd had enough and pulled Kim off June, because it was obvious who was the dirtiest catfighter. As June got to her feet and started to leave Kim started yelling at me for pulling her off. After all, this was her first fight and she was only doing what comes naturally. Yesterday we went by June's house and saw that it was for sale. Who says blondes aren't tough? I know one thing, they sure are dirty fighters. —S.B., Connecticut.

"Sally quickly stepped inside my arms and began a barrage of short body punches to my stomach that were coming like an air hammer. My titties were

TONITE!
"NO HOLDS BARRED BITCH FIGHTING!!

bouncing and shaking like a small punching bag . . ."

My name is Vicki. I'm one of the girls that F.D. of Texas, whoever she is, was writing you about in the "Fight Time" section of your November issue. Yes, I'm the one that was so quickly and easily humiliated, embarrassed and defeated by Sally when she pinned me helpless three times and took my club championship away from me. As much as I hate to admit it, F.D. was right when she said I was hot and hunching when Sally was tonguing and sucking my large and shapely titties and fingering me off while she was holding me helpless in the final pin that gave her the fall and the match.

It took me a long time to get over the devastating defeat that she put me through so easily but I finally got up the nerve to go back to the club and I challenged the boasting Sally to a boxing match. I felt I could take her in boxing as I was taller, had a reach advantage and also had some experience. I wanted to blast her into never never land so bad I could taste it. I wanted to humiliate her so bad in front of everyone just as she had done to me. She quickly agreed to the match. I stripped down to my white strapless bra and white bikini panties as I did not have my wrestling tights with me and climbed into the ring to have the gloves put on me.

I have to say that my body is a sight to see. Just as F.D. said in her letter. I measure 40-26-38 and tip the scales at 126. My body is firm and shapely and well tanned. The bra I was wearing held my large breasts up high and created a lot of bouncing cleavage for the crowd to see. Sally stripped down to bra and panties also. She was wearing a regular white bra and regular white panties and also has a pretty and well conditioned little body. As you remember from F.D. of Texas' letter, she is smaller than me by about 5 inches and 20 pounds. This is one of the main reasons why her complete dominance of me in our wrestling match bothers me so much.

We climbed into the ring for the beginning of round one. The bell sounded and we went to the center of the ring quickly. Sally danced around bobbing and weaving and showed some style. I was eager to get her and I quickly sent a vicious right cross towards her face but she easily ducked under it and pasted me with three quick and stinging left jabs in rapid fire succession. My eyes widened in surprise at the speed she displayed but I danced around her, smiling in confidence. Sally faked an overhand right and I sent my guard slightly that way and she expertly stepped in a little and left hooked me solidly in the side of the face. My hair bounced from the impact. Sally then jabbed me twice in the face with the same hand and sent a stinging right into my midsection with sizzling speed that landed cleanly with thudding impact. My big titties bounced from the blow and I backed up in surprise at her speed and efficiency. Her punches were not real hard but they were quick, sharp and stinging.

I was a little frustrated and embarrassed at the way she was beating me to the punch and out maneuvering me. I had to get her. I faked a left and sent a blasting right hook of my own knowing I was going to paste her. She didn't go for the fake. She simply brought her left forearm up beside her head and stopped my hook cold. She held it out there and unleashed a straight right directly into my mouth bouncing my head back again. She then brought her left from its blocking position and popped me twice quickly in the side of the head. All three punches hit me in less than a second. No sooner than the last jab had bounced my head she sent two short rights into my flat stomach jarring me good and backing me up. I backed up right in the path of a stinging left hook that she had already launched and it caught me solidly in the face with a smack and I went to the mat flat on my back with my titties bouncing and shaking vigorously in my bra.

I was bum-fuzzled and frustrated at her skill, speed and aggressiveness. I was down but I wasn't hurt. Her punches were sharp, quick and stinging but she had not hurt me. I bounced up quickly in order to save some face and danced around pounding my gloves together in anger. I was going to blast her silly. Sally stayed calm and controlled and effectively cut the ring off. I jabbed at her with my left trying to get something started. She bobbed and weaved, stepped under my jabs and hooked a stinging left in my midsection followed by a right to my ribs and another left quickly to the side of my face. Her punches sounded like a typewriter to me. I lunged a right at her face, she avoided it and neatly hooked her left over my extended arm, catching me smackingly in the face and sending me down on the mat again. Again, I wasn't hurt but I pounded the mat with my gloves in disgust and frustration. She had stretched me out on the mat twice already and I had not even touched her with a glove. She was beating me to the punch, out-smarting me and controlling me perfectly.

I was up at the count of six and she was on me again. The round continued

"Have a nice day!"

with Sally continuing to pick me to pieces. She was creating openings with her expert maneuvering and then sending stinging jabs and slashing hooks and crosses cleanly through those openings, landing distinctively on my face and body with loud smacking sounds. Right before the close of the round Sally sent out a straight left catching me flat in the forehead and straightening me up. She then quickly stepped inside my arms and began a barrage of short body punches to my stomach that were coming like an air hammer. My titties were bouncing and shaking like a small punching bag from their impact and they were beginning to hurt me. Suddenly, without changing her timing one split second, she took one step backwards and sent the next punch sizzling upward in a beautiful uppercut that caught me completely by surprise and smacked me solidly in the left cheek. The punch turned me completely around and sent me sailing into the ropes completely out of control.

I thought for a minute that I was going to go through them and into the crowd but I managed to hook the bends of my arms over the top rope and dangle there. The rest of my body was still in the ring. My titties were protruding extremely outward because of my position. They were bulging from around my bra in enormous swells as the bra was straining to hold its own. As my body forced the top rope to sag my titties hung the second rope and this caused even more bulging cleavage around my bra as it mashed gently into them. The crowd was going wild at the action and the yelling and screaming almost drowned out the bell ending round one. I untangled myself and went to my corner. I was okay but I was telling myself I had to find a way to turn things around.

Rounds 2, 3 and 4 were very much the same as round one excluding the knockdowns. I did not go down anymore but Sally picked me apart with perfectly timed hooks, jabs and crosses and was making me look silly. Her punches would come in combinations of 5 to 6 with each punch setting up the next and all of them sizzling in perfectly and landing cleaning. I was trying hard to get to her with a knockout punch that I knew I had but she was successfully keeping me frustrated and off balance with her lightning fast footwork and stinging counter punches. At the end of round 4, I was beginning to feel the results of her barrage of leather on me. My face was burning and stinging. My flat and tanned stomach was burning and beginning to cramp. My arms and legs were beginning to feel heavy. I was covered with sweat that was glistening brightly under the ring lights. This brought even more attention to my large breasts as the cleavage above my skimpy bra was shining and glistening in the lights highlighting their jiggling and bouncing. My blonde hair was beginning to stick to the edges of my face. I was beginning to be worn down by her but I knew I had to keep pressing for the knock out punch.

Round 5 started out the same way but midway through it, Sally changed her style. She was staying away now. She was bobbing and weaving and faking me out of position and then throwing heavy leather from long range that was battering me something awful. Sally had decided to knock me out. Her positioning and leverage was perfect. Her long punches would come in like blockbusters reaching full strength and speed at the exact point of impact. Sprays of perspiration would fly from my shapely body when the punches crunched in. My bra was beginning to have trouble containing my mountainous breasts as they bounced and jiggled vigorously when I was hit with this heavy leather. Sally unleashed a rapid fire combination of three blockbusters that drove me across the ring. A slashing left to the body, a right cross to the face and another left to the body, all connecting from long range and I was gasping.

I tried to cover for a right to my face, but she had fooled me once again. She sent a tremendous right into my midsection that popped like a cannon when it entered me. The punch bent me over in agony and I desperately tried to cover up. I placed my left arm around my midsection and my right forearm horizontally in front of my face. Sally was immediately in perfect position and unleashed a demolishing right uppercut. The punch was perfect. It sizzled in cleanly, completely untouched and unmolested. It came inside my horizontal guard and exploded against my face. I could feel my face conforming to the contours of her glove as it smashed into me, had its way, and sent my head flying as it tore by in a perfect follow through. (From this point on, I'm writing a combination of what I remember and what my seconds told me.) Large sprays of perspiration flew around the ring and glistened in the ring lights as my head flew helplessly up and back and led my shoulders in a rapid and forceful descent to the mat. My bra latches could no longer stand the strain and my bra went sailing high up in the air leaving my large titties free to bounce and shake tremendously.

I fell limp and helpless on my back across the bottom ring rope. The rope was just above the small of my back bending me backwards and holding that part to my body off the mat. My head and shoulders were on the mat outside the ring and my arms extended limply and helplessly straight out from my body. My gloves were completely open and relaxed with my palms facing up. My shapely hips and rear were limp on the mat inside the ring and my legs flopped to an extreme spreadeagled position and were still. Once again, all attention was focused on my mountainous and shapely titties that were now completely exposed and sticking straight up towards the ceiling as the ring rope was arching my back. I was completely still and limp except for the rising and falling of my stomach and breasts with my deep breathing. I was knocked out cold. Completely chilled.

My seconds told me that Sally stood between my legs with one foot on my tanned and flat stomach and held her hands high in the air in victory as the ref counted me out easily. They said the crowd was going wild and cheering and screaming like crazy at Sally's complete dominance of me and the chilling knock out. She stood there for a long time and accepted the cheers of the crowd with her arms held high and her firm shapely breasts sticking out in pride as she looked down at my limp and helpless body in its extremely spreadeagled and exposed position.

My mind was racing in a dreamworld of visions. Once again, the past wrestling match was flashing through my mind. I dreamed of my desperate humiliation in Sally's vice-like holds and pins. I dreamed of her firm and strong body against mine putting me in hold after hold, arching my shoulders back, pressing them squarely and deeply into the mat and holding them helplessly pinned while I desperately squirmed and struggled fruitlessly for freedom but was counted out. Then, again, that third and final fall when she totally reduced me to nothing by holding me completely helpless and sucking my nipples and fingering me off until I was hot and hunching as well as being pinned flat and defeated.

I woke up 30 to 45 minutes later with my seconds holding me up in a cold shower. They told me that this was the most complete and effective knock out they had ever seen. That the ref could have counted to 100 if necessary without me moving. I began crying and sobbing at their explanation of my defeat. They were laughing at times as they described how my titties were sticking up and how my nipples became congested and extended as I lay there all spread out and still over the bottom rope. After they were sure I was not going to pass out again, they left the dressing room. One of them said as she was going out the door, "Well Vicki, you were totally defeated and dominated again by little Sally but at least you didn't get sucked off this time." With this, they both burst into loud laughter and left me alone. My crying became worse with this comment.

I'm sure I will go back to the club one day. It does me some good to get these humiliating defeats off of my chest so I hope you will see fit to let your readers see it.—Vicki, Texas.

"As soon as I was on my feet she threw a straight right that landed squarely on my nose, making it bleed and it really made me woozy . . ."

I've been reading *Cavalier* for quite some time and find it to be one of the more enjoyable men's magazines on today's market. Whether or not my letter will be published, I thought I'd go ahead and write anyway. I never thought I would want to share my experience with anyone as the experience was quite embarrassing as well as a painful and humiliating one. However after reading some of the stories in your "Fight Time" section I find some of them quite hard to believe and feel that these experiences are created in some of the letter writer's minds. I can assure you that the following account of my experience is the truth!

I am forty-six years old and had been dating a woman for some time. She had a daughter who is now seventeen, but my story goes back two years ago. Jean, the daughter, is about 5′6″ tall and weighs approximately 145 pounds. She has an average build for a girl her age and she is quite girlish, which only adds to my awe of what took place. I learned that Jean had been interested in playing high school football along with the boys and I would always tease her about it. She told me that she was quite able to take care of herself and had no fears about competing with the boys. Each time we'd speak about her ambition I'd find myself becoming turned-on, for some strange reason. I couldn't understand this and *know that I am not perverted!*

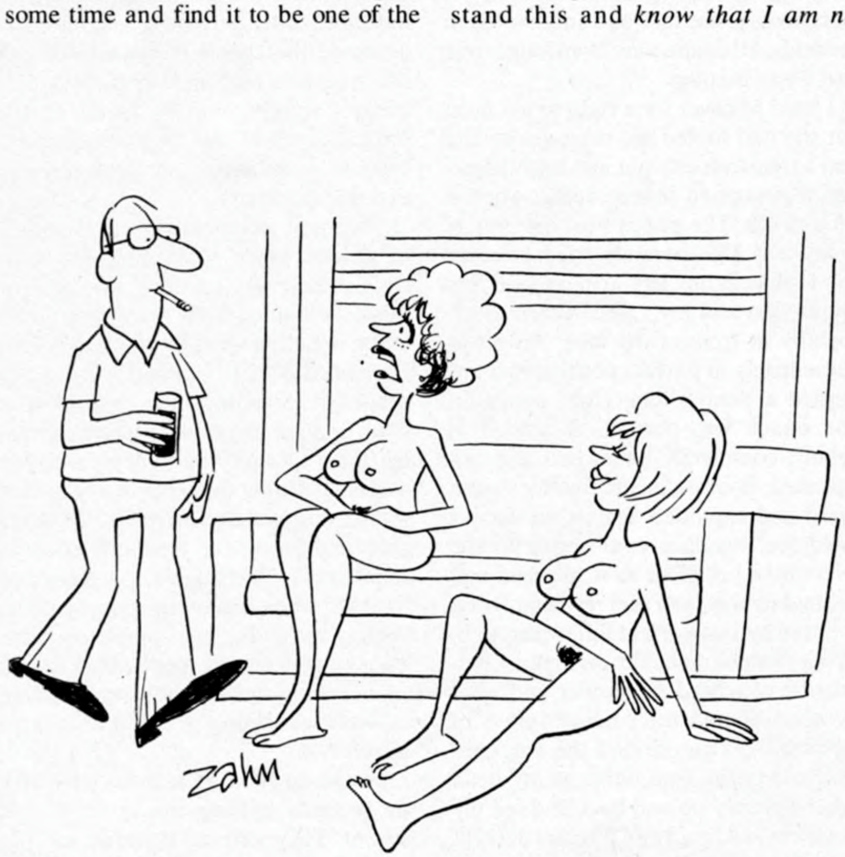
We often spoke about her wanting to compete with the boys and I started kidding her about going as far as maybe "duking it out" with the boys. She said she wouldn't be scared of that either. I just couldn't believe I was hearing this from such an average girl, one who wasn't the least bit boyish.

I was at her house one night visiting with her and her mother. The mother, however, had to leave for work so I sat with Jean and we just talked. The subject came up about her playing football and my teasing her about it somewhat irritated her. I thought I'd lighten the atmosphere by jokingly saying, "Come on toughie, you want to go a couple of rounds?" To my surprise she answered, "Let's go." So, still thinking that it was just a joke I followed her into the living room. She turned on the stereo and then turned and faced me. I kiddingly went into a boxer's stance and started dancing around the room.

She said, "Come on, stop acting like a jerk and let's get it on." I laughed and said, "You have got to be kidding. You're only a little girl and I am three times your age." "What has age got to do with it?" Then she went into a boxer's stance and said, "Come and get yours." I was still laughing as I danced around her and flicked my left at her, knowing that I was far enough away and wouldn't really hit her. I didn't know at that time that her intentions were quite different.

All of a sudden her left fist shot out and landed above my eye and then she threw a right cross which landed on my cheekbone. "Whoa," I said, "hold on will you? We're only kidding around." "Kidding around my ass," she answered, "you'd better protect yourself." Then I naturally put my defense back up and, sensing her seriousness, I thought I'd just go along with her and block her punches until she tired. *I* was getting tired just following her around, and also being far from in shape. I said, "Come on, let's knock this off." She didn't say a thing but continued to circle me and then she threw a punch to my stomach that connected squarely and perfectly and doubled me up, and I saw a flash of light and fell to the floor. She had connected with a punch square on my jaw, and man it was hurting!

I just lay there, looked up and could feel blood coming out of my mouth. She began dancing around to the music on the stereo and said, "Come on, get up so I can give you more of the same." I wiped the blood off the side of my mouth and said that she had just taken



"She had me in a hold I couldn't break, and I saw this hairy bush in front of my face so I bit it and it was my own pussy!"

me by surprise. "Well it won't be a surprise anymore," she answered, "and you'll have no excuses." I figured it was about time to give her a spanking to quiet her down, so I got up and faced her again. I realized that the joking was over. As I tried to grab her she hit me high on the forehead with a straight right and then countered with another right to my already hurting left eye, then a left to my stomach and another right to my chin. I never thought a girl could hit that hard and I was really aching. I could feel tears in my eyes and a lump had formed on the right side of my jaw where she had hit me twice.

I lunged at her, trying to grab her, but she moved back and I fell to the floor. I was feeling embarrassed at that point and I got up again, feeling more tired than ever. As soon as I was on my feet she threw a straight right that landed squarely on my nose, making it bleed and it really made me woozy. I actually staggered back about six feet from the punch and let my arms down for a moment which was all she needed. She must have hit me with several punches as I stood there. Those punches were mostly to my head. I fell down but I was still conscious and I could feel my head throbbing and blood was pouring from my nose as I tried to get to my feet. She just stood there waiting and threw one more punch that landed flush on my jaw and knocked me out! I was out for several minutes and as I came to she was dancing in front of me and she laughingly asked, "Did you have a nice dream?"

Well, I went to the bathroom to wash myself and my shirt was all bloodstained and I had a swollen nose (which to my surprise was not broken), a lump on my jaw the size of a marble and a pain in my right ribcage. I cleaned up as well as I could and came back out. She started dancing around and said, "Come on, how about another round?" I told her to leave me alone and she said, "Okay, but if you ever want a rematch you can pick the time and the place." I told her I'd see her later and I added that I would never tease her about playing football.

So I left the house, totally humiliated, terribly embarrassed and badly beaten by a teenage girl!—Frank, New York City.

"I started the match by taking two one-hundred dollar bills from my wallet, holding them up in the air and then dropping them on the floor and saying, 'Wrestle for them!'"

I am an avid catfight fan and have been for some time. I am different from most guys because I do not enjoy boxing or nude fighting, but enjoy seeing two lovely felines in bikinis tear at each other. I particularly enjoy watching them when they have worked up a good sweat or have been oiled down for the match to make their bodies gleam in the lights.

I recently had a private wrestling match between two lovely felines for my own enjoyment and the enjoyment of a few select friends. I know both these young ladies as they work in the same plant where I do. Neither girl is particularly fond of the other, and the younger of the two is always trying to boss the other one around. I approached each girl with the idea that they wrestle each other in my apartment, wearing the bikini of their choice. The winner would get a prize of two hundred dollars. Both girls agreed to the terms and a time and date was set.

The girls are very similar in size and weight, although they are built differently. Grace is the older of the two by about nine years. She is a bit heavier and she is in excellent physical condition for a woman of thirty-one. She has a little flab on her arms, but she has firm solid boobs and a tight compact ass. Her stomach is firm and flat with very little sign of flab. Sandy, on the other hand, is twenty-two and is about two inches shorter than Grace. Her boobs are much bigger and they are the most solid boobs I have ever seen on a young woman. Her arms are young and firm with no signs of any flab and they show muscles even when they are in a relaxed position. The only disadvantage Sandy might have is her stomach. It shows a tiny bit of flab and her hips and legs are not as solid as Grace's. The night of the match there were three others besides myself. We were evenly split on picking the winner. As a matter of fact there was some pretty heavy side betting as to who would win.

The first one to emerge from her dressing room was Sandy. She was absolutely radiant as she came onto the carpet in her purple string bikini. Her boobs were so much firmer and riper than I had ever imagined and I almost came in my pants. Her nipples were trying to escape the thin fabric of the top of her bikini, and her stomach that had seemed to be a bit flabby, was taut and firm with the excitement of the match. Grace came out in a shocking pink bikini that left little to the imagination. Her boobs, although not as large as Sandy's, were just as firm and you could

"If you win, you eat hairpie. If you lose, I sit on your face."

see that she had been working out in order to build up her arm muscles. Her stomach was as lean and taut as Sandy's and she had much firmer looking thigh muscles.

Both girls stood in their respective corners eyeing each other with a hate that would make a strong man cringe. I explained that there would be no tit twisting, boxing or slapping. The girls were to wrestle until one or the other verbally surrendered or could not continue. They agreed to the rules. Then the girls decided that I should check the insides of their bikinis to make sure there were no hidden objects. I did so with great pleasure, and I made a mental note that Grace was in the best shape of her life, but just the same Sandy was going to be a tough foe!

I started the match by taking two one hundred dollar bills from my wallet, holding them up in the air and then dropping them on the floor and saying, "Wrestle for them!" Much to my surprise Grace started the match by trying to rush Sandy. Sandy maneuvered very quickly and grabbed Grace by the arm and applied a side headlock. Sandy flipped Grace to the carpet, whereupon Grace immediately got to her feet only to be met with the same unpleasant result a second time and then a third time. After the third flip to the carpet, Sandy got behind Grace while she was in the sitting position and started to choke her. Grace reached behind her and was able to grab one of Sandy's ankles and trip her onto the carpet. Both girls rose to their feet, being much more cautious about approaching the other. They decided to have a test of strength and each grabbed the other's hands above their heads and began to struggle to see which one could force the other to her knees. What a struggle it was! Sandy's firm ripe nipples could be seen trying to poke through the top of her bikini. As each girl tried to get control their boobs jiggled from side to side and their taut stomachs contracted and relaxed.

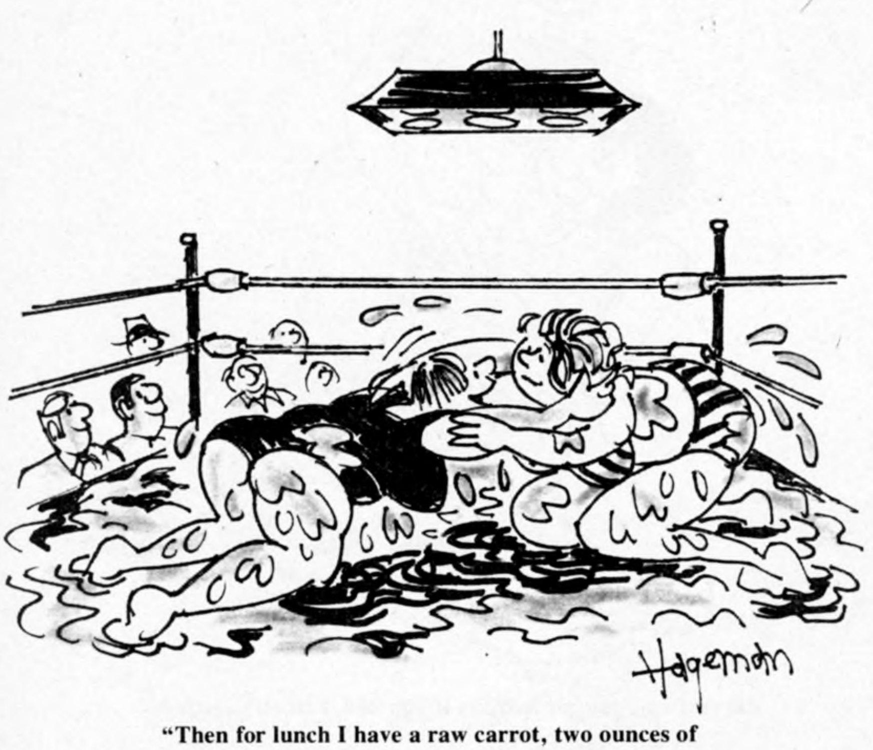
Finally after about five minutes Grace began forcing Sandy to her knees; it was evident that Grace had worked many hours on building up her arm strength. Sandy fell to her knees and began giving small moans of pain as the pressure started to become unbearable. Grace looked down and said, "Hey big tits, you want to give up?" Sandy looked up and snarled, "Not to an old woman like you, you bitch." Whereupon Grace applied more pressure. Finally Sandy was able to free one of her hands and pull Grace's legs out from under her. Grace immediately got to her feet and was met with a side headlock and was thrown to the carpet. Sandy was on top.

However, Grace was ready this time and she snapped her firm legs up in one swift motion snaring Sandy's head between her thighs and then slamming her to the carpet. Sandy couldn't do anything as Grace kept pouring on the pressure to her head. Sandy flopped with agony on the carpet, her magnificent boobs flopping on every squeeze of Grace's legs and her hands and arms slapping at Grace's thighs trying to escape. But no matter what Grace did she couldn't get Sandy to verbally give up, and after about ten minutes of this fighting both girls began to perspire quite freely. With all this perspiration, Sandy was able to wiggle her head out from between Grace's thighs and she quickly got to her feet. Both girls' magnificent boobs, thighs and arms looked tremendously seductive under the lights!

You could tell that the end was fairly near as Sandy's magnificent breasts were rising and falling at a steady pace. On the other hand Grace's firm breasts didn't seem to be heaving at all. Sandy, although the younger of the two, was evidently not in the superb condition that Grace was in. She made one final attempt to win the struggle, or at least gain an advantage. She faked Grace out by pretending to go for her legs, but came up behind her and putting her in a full nelson. Grace groaned as Sandy applied all the pressure she could to the hold.

Grace summoned all the energy she had and her long hours of conditioning paid off as she broke the hold with sheer muscle and arm power. Then she put Sandy on the carpet with a perfectly executed hip roll. Sandy's boobs bounced a mile high as the girls ended up on the carpet. Grace applied a scissors hold to Sandy's stomach from behind while sitting on the carpet. Then she put Sandy in a full nelson. Sandy was helpless. Her nipples were showing through her bikini top and her beautiful full boobs were magnificent as they rose and fell gasping for air. Sandy still wouldn't verbally give up, although she was a beaten woman.

Grace knew that the only way to make Sandy give up was to humiliate her. She took her left hand and clasped it around Sandy's right bicep. Still holding Sandy's left arm in a half nelson and her right arm above her head, Grace was able to get her right hand behind Sandy and remove her purple bikini top. Sandy immediately yelled her surrender. Grace made Sandy tell her she would never try to boss her around again at work. Sandy promised, and with that Grace released her and was proclaimed champion of our plant. —Fight Fan, Maine.



"Then for lunch I have a raw carrot, two ounces of cottage cheese, and weak tea. For supper . . ."

Eight Tough Ones

Jacky gets Lynn Ann in a body straddle, tit-torturing hold which obviously inflicts a lot of discomfort. In female wrestling, they always go for the tits which are sensitive to any kind of abuse.

The spread-eagle hold above is not only painful, but an erotic sight for the onlookers who get a particular thrill in seeing a spread beaver, even partially clad with some stray hairs and pussy-flesh exposed. Lynn Ann obviously isn't enjoying this hold but Jacky is getting off on it.

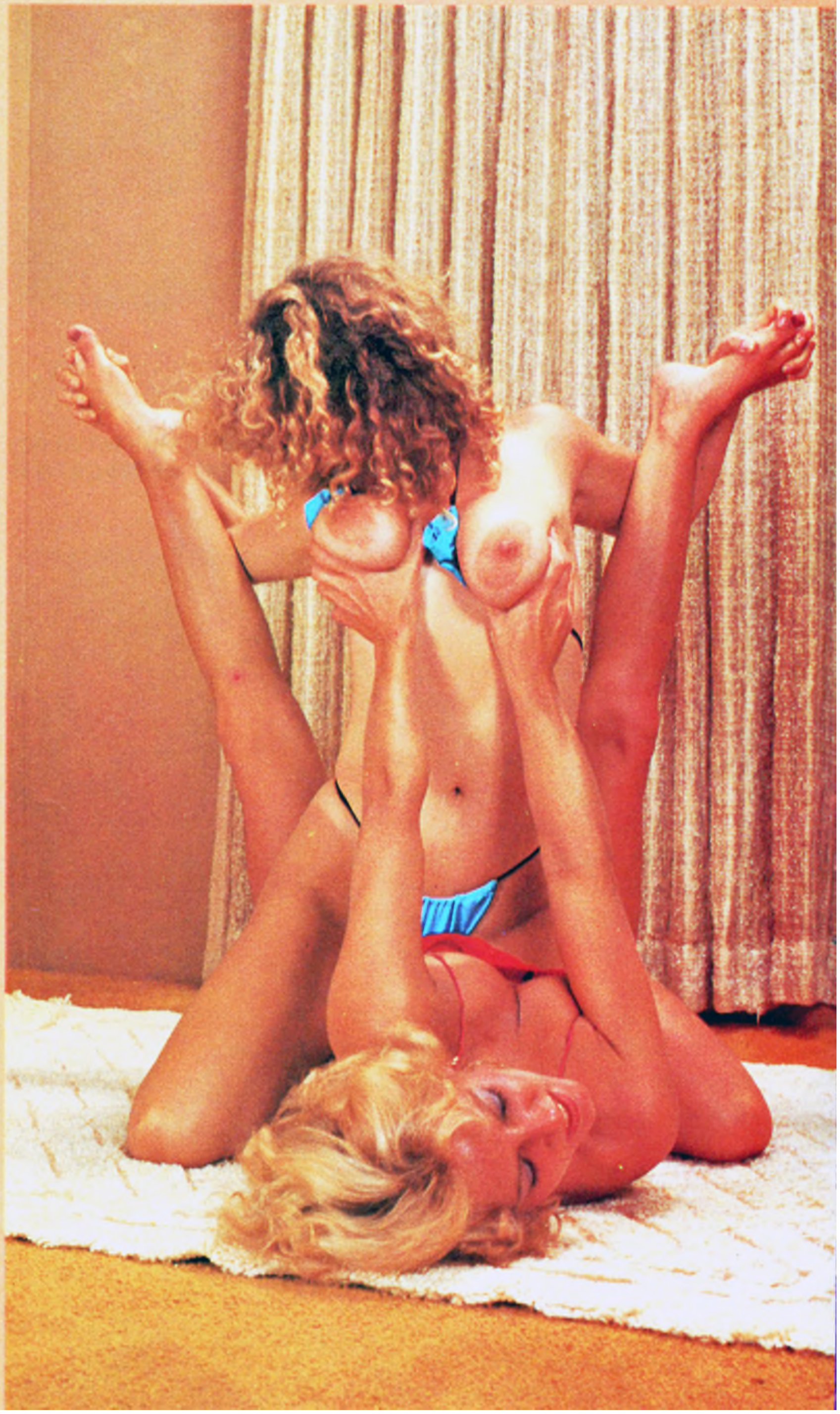
- After reading hundreds of cards and letters from our catfight/wrestling fans, we had our friends at Triumph Studios in California engage models Lynn Ann Wilson (who is also a major porn star) and platinum blonde Jacky La Croix. The girls then proceeded to demonstrate eight wrestling positions that are frequently mentioned as reader turn-ons. Rest assured that these are *not* officially recognized professional wrestling holds because girl/girl wrestling is strictly a no-holds barred, anything goes affair where the only objective is to inflict the maximum amount of discomfort on an opponent, a lot of humiliation and, most of all, to give the viewers a lot of erotic flashes of flesh.

In any description of an apartment wrestling match, there's always the hold where one girl is astraddle the other with her pussy just inches away from the other girl's face and here Lynn Ann applies a leg-spread face straddle hold.

Above, Lynn Ann looks like one tough cookie as she gets Jacky on the floor and attempts to break her leg. In most matches, the blonde usually ends up getting the worst of it, and although both of our combatants are "sorta" blonde, Lynn is darker, tougher and in case you haven't noticed, very big busted.

Right, Lynn Ann stays on top in a body straddle and in spite of Jacky's futile attempts to break loose, she can't throw her off. Although posed, the action often gets mean, the girls often get - really angry and the session ends up with the opponents seriously involved in a real grudge fight. It's hard to keep your cool when you're getting trounced.

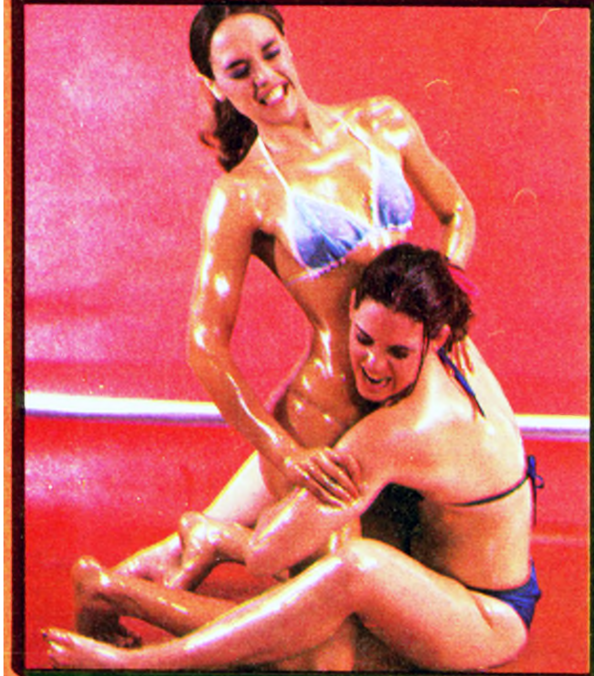
Below: As we've mentioned, one unique feature of female wrestling is that a good grasp of an opponents tits is often enough to break a hold, but in spite of the fact that Lynn Ann's knockers are taking a beating, she holds onto her opponents legs in a straddle hold. You'd never believe that Lynn Ann used to be a demure schoolteacher!



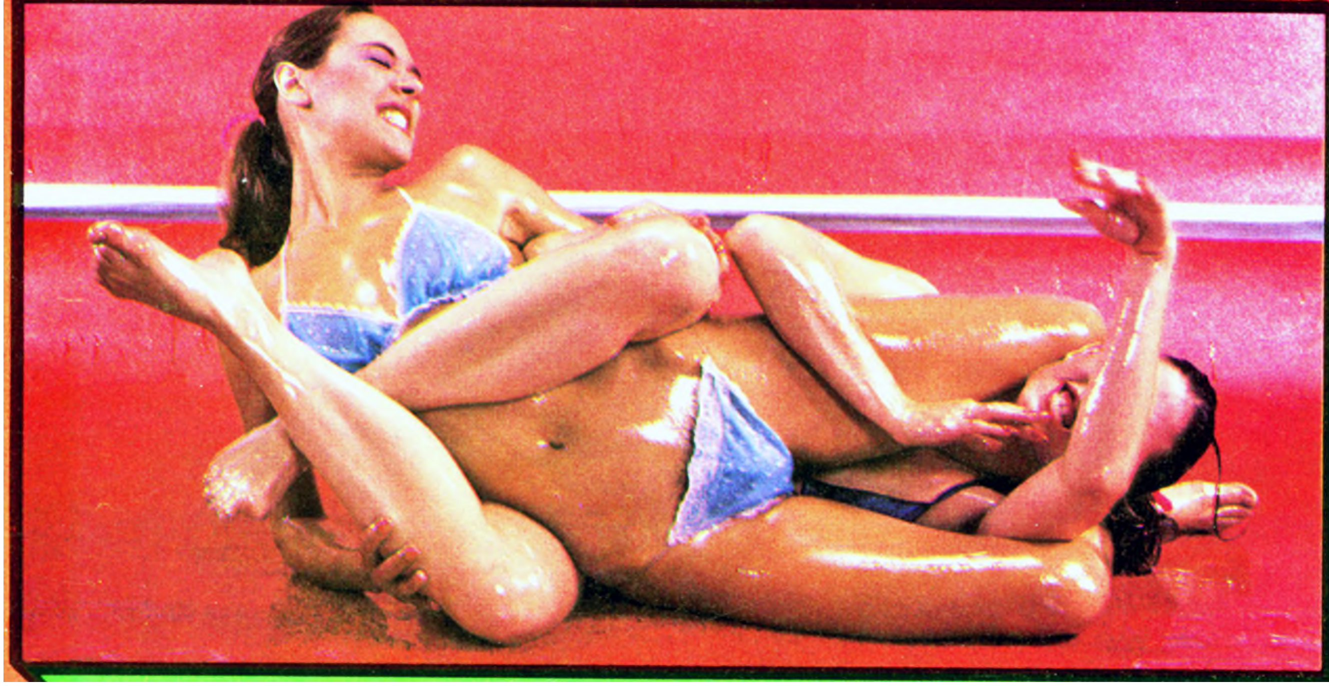
Below, Lynn Ann uses a painful chin press on Jacky as she threatens to punch her lights out. Slugging is not acceptable, even in a no-holds barred wrestling match, but who would dare to try to stop our hellcats regardless of how nasty or mean the action might tend to get?

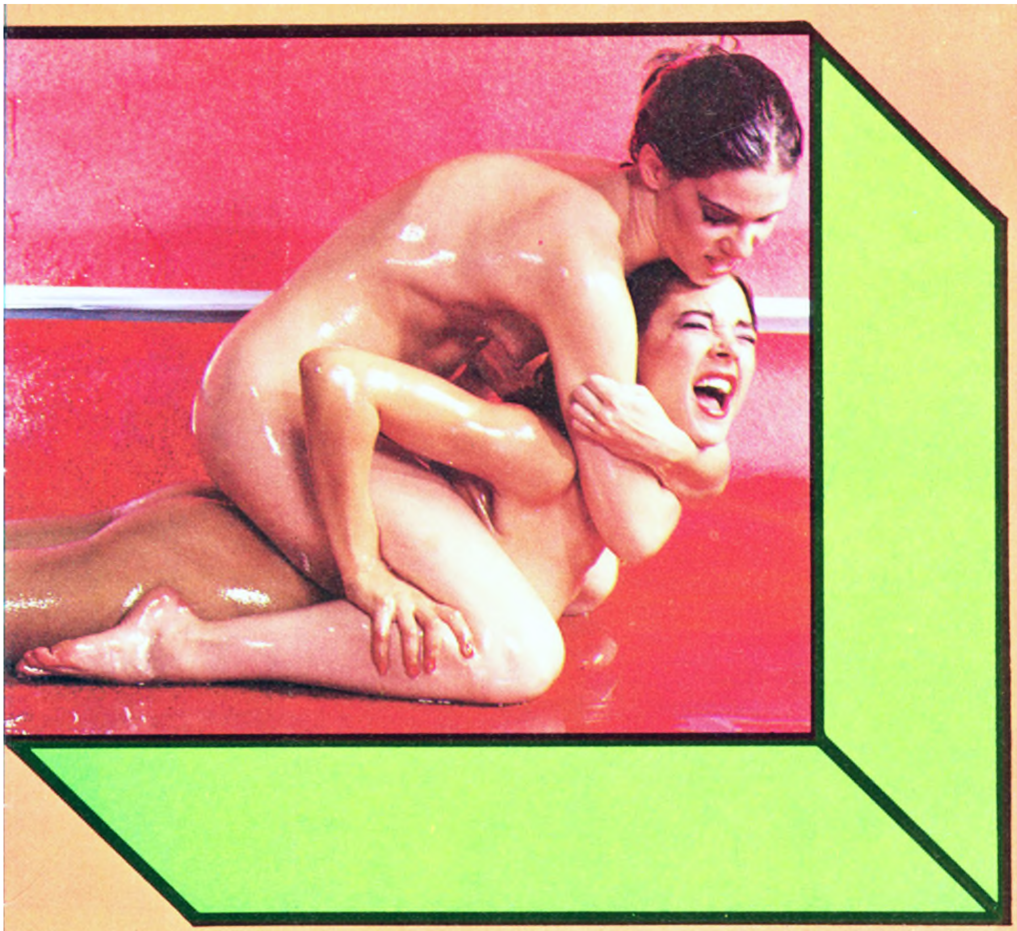
With a combination body scissors and headtwist, Lynn Ann obviously has her opponent ready to throw in the towel. With the growing popularity of female-female bouts, there may be some rulebooks written someday but for now let's just enjoy the fun of it all.

Oil Wrestling: Slick & Sexy



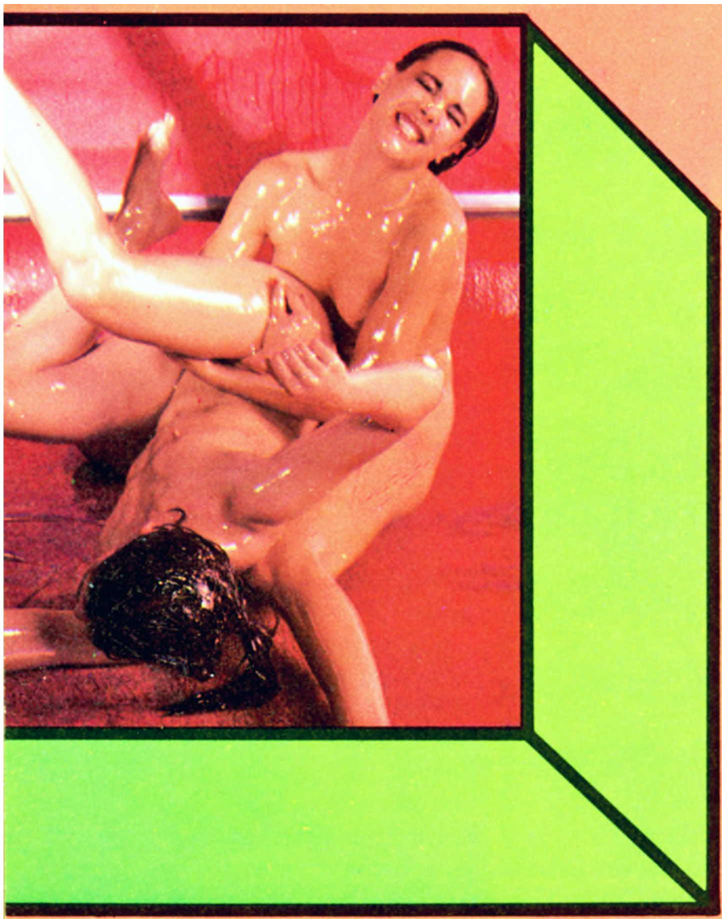
• It's cleaner than mud wrestling and a lot more sexy. The latest craze should be a treat for female wrestling fans! Oil wrestling was started, we understand, in a club in California and its popularity is rapidly spreading . . . like oil. The girls are first covered,with a coat of oil, anything from baby oil to salad oil is used and then they wrestle on a plastic covered mat. Their bikinis are soon in tatters as they slip and slide and try to pin each other. Although tempers sometimes flare, it's a lot of fun for the contestants and a real turn-on for the audience, especially the males watching.

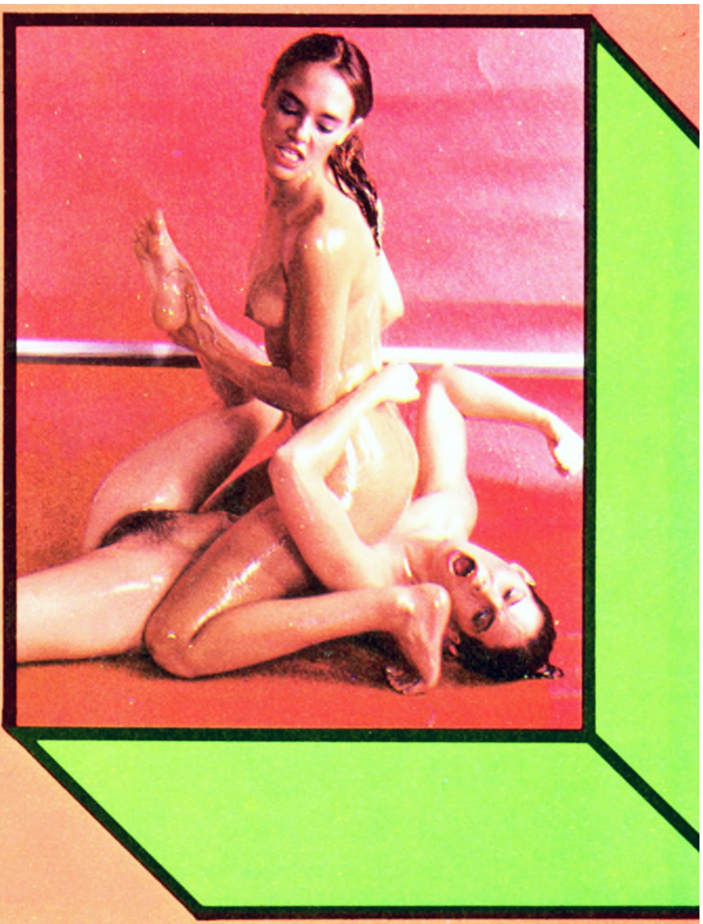




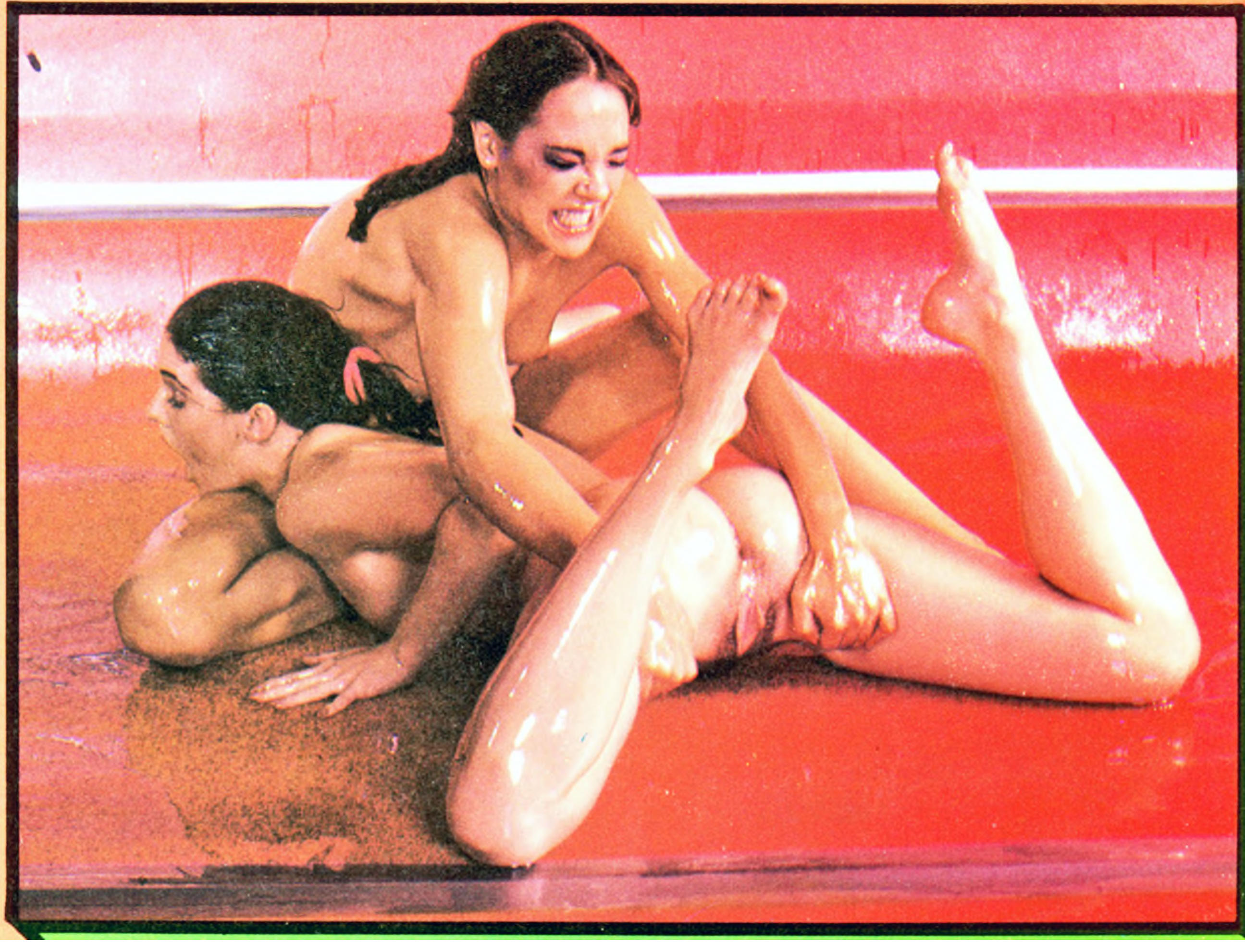
The two models were selected by the photographer because he knew they would really get it on. He was right. They soon were totally serious as they struggled to hang on and try to win.

Cavalier's private match between two sexy girls was arranged by the photographer who says he selected these two models because he knew they would seriously enjoy the physical contest. And he was right. The girls didn't waste much time getting right down to some serious wrestling, with leg scissors and body holds which then led to some hair pulling as they both became very frustrated as one or the other managed to slip out of the other's hold. It's very hard to hang onto a body that is covered with oil and slippery as an eel.





Oil wrestling, we think, has great possibilities of taking over the singles games just like wet T-shirts and mechanical bull riding has done. Only this sport is even sexier. It isn't unusual, we hear, for the guys to get so worked up watching two sexy women go at it that they ask to join in . . . and they sometimes do. Aside from the sport aspect of the game, there is also a great deal of eroticism involved. Anyone who has ever had a hot oil massage knows how sexy it is and it's hard for two people to keep their cool when they are slipping and sliding all over each other.



If this pictorial inspires you, you can always set up your own oil wrestling at home, either between two girlfriends, or you can oil yourself up and join right in.

From our mail, we know there are a lot of fans of girl/girl wrestling out there so we're sure this pictorial is a special treat. Even if you can't join in, except in fantasy, perhaps this will inspire you to set up your own oil wrestling match at home. All you need is a plastic shower curtain and a half-gallon of your favorite cooking oil. We're sure you and your girlfriends would enjoy it, or, as we mentioned, you can always join in yourself.

Catfight!

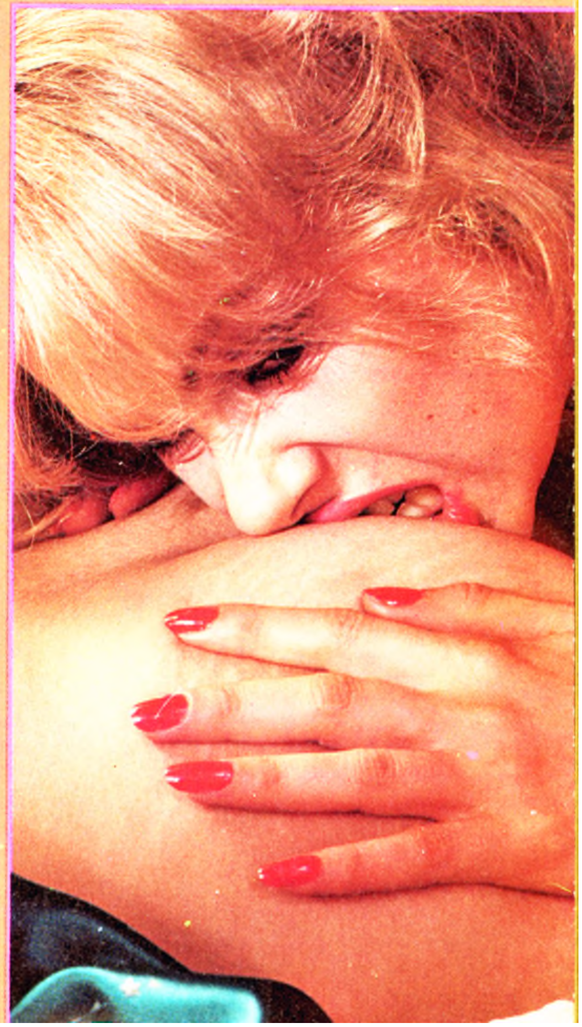
- Even though *Cavalier*'s catfight feature is posed by professiional models, it isn't easy to get a couple of girls who are willing to duke it out for our photographer. The reason for this is that—no matter whether the fight is arranged or not—it's vital that the girls really get into action. They have to be willing to take some punishment because once the camera starts rolling, they are going to get angry and what starts out to be fun usually ends in a real brawl.

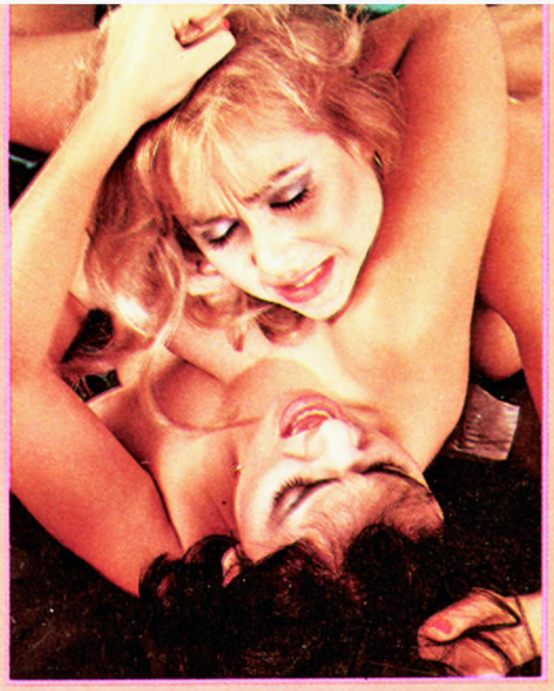
Vicki and Jo had never met, but it was apparent from the beginning that they weren't that fond of each other. The action you see here was pretty spontaneous as they really got angry.

Dark haired Jo became the instant aggressor and Vicki, reluctant at first to defend herself, soon had her pantyhose in shreds, her hair pulled and her tit squeezed, in that order. No woman, regardless of how gentle her nature may be, doesn't like that kind of shit and soon she was fighting back with a vengeance, to give us just the kind of action we were looking for. For some reason, our experience has been that brunettes are tougher than blondes. . .and meaner. Maybe it is because little blonde girls usually get what they want without having to put up much of a fight. Also, Jo is Latin and by temperament she has a shorter fuse than her adversary.

In a real bitchfight there are no rules…tits are chewed, hair pulled, pussies violated and the objective is not only to physically trounce your opponent, but to degrade her as well while we, the audience, sit back and enjoy the action and the view of exposed tits, cunts and ass.

The only rules that apply when two women are fighting are the rules of the jungle and the girls, like two enraged cats, use every weapon at their disposal...teeth, nails and, as you saw on the previous page, their muscular thighs to get the other in a strangle hold. They always go for each others' vulnerable parts and a lot of abuse is afflicted on each others' pusssies and tits. From the beginning, Jo had Vicki on the offensive, trying to protect herself from Jo's nails and teeth. Despite being the weaker of the two, Vicki refused to cry "uncle!"





Catfights are always more exciting when the girls start out clothed because part of the fun in watching is to see them shred each others clothes to ribbons. There's always a lot of verbal abuse, too, and we wish we had a way to bring you the dialogue between these two otherwise nice girls who were really cursing up a storm. Finally, Vicki had had enough but Jo, in a real nasty frame of mind, turned Vicki over to administer a humiliating beating on her bare ass.

Fighting For Dick

- It's almost impossible to photograph a real catfight since there's seldom a camera around when two babes do battle. But based on our reader's letters, *Cavalier* and *Nugget* magazines commissioned a photo session which we're sharing with readers of both magazines. The situation our photographer staged happens with great frequency. The lady of the house arrives home unexpectedly to find her man engaged in a hot sexual rendevous with a neighborhood rival. What hot blooded gal could keep her cool at such a sight? Not our Beverly who sees red at the idea of Dick making it with Roberta who she doesn't like anyway. So, she flies into a rage and tears into Roberta. Like two female cats, it's seldom the male who gets the blame, or the punishment for invading the others' territory. Slaps and hair-pulling soon give way to tearing each others' clothes off in an act of mad vengeance and a desire to humiliate the other. Dick, although probably having guilt feelings, is undoubtedly excited at the sight of two beautiful women engaged in furious battle over him. As you can imagine, there's lots of screaming and cursing as each woman tries to rip the other's clothing to shreds as they forcibly strip each other down and get ready for more action.

Like two female cats, the women tear into each other. Slaps soon give way to hair-pulling and tearing each others' clothes off in an act of mad vengeance and a desire to totally humiliate the other.

Beverly proceeds to tie her woozy victim to a chair so that she will be forced to watch her rival taste and feel the real fruits of victory.

In catfighting, as in any other battle, to the victor belong the spoils and our vengeful Beverly isn't through with her blonde hussy rival by a long shot. She proceeds to tie her victim to a chair while she's still woozy and helpless. "And now, you peroxide cunt," she says, "I want you to take a good look at something you had better not try to get for yourself again." To Dick's delight, he is then brought into the act, stripped out of his clothes and as poor Roberta looks on, Beverly and Dick get it on. Dick doesn't mind his punishment.

Fight Time!

"As a male, I think it's sexy as hell to fight women. It gives me a turn-on to see a beautiful woman standing in front of me with her fists raised..."

I just started reading your magazine and really enjoy your fight time section. I've been a fan of catfights and boxing for as long as I can remember. I'm twenty-eight now and have seen a few fights myself.

First I want to comment on the article written by Kayo'd Ellen. I felt kind of sorry for her after reading her story. Even though I would have loved to see the fight. After all the beating that she took she didn't even get to land one punch into Sally. It seemed to me that she was sort of setup by Sally. She knew how to fight. And after she punched Ellen she couldn't wait to work her over. But the way that Ellen wrote the article made it seem that she enjoyed the beating that Sally gave her. At least that's the way I took it.

As a male I think it's sexy as hell to fight women. It gives me a turn-on to see a beautiful woman standing in front of me with her fists raised.

I'd like to tell you about a fight I had with a blonde named Donna. She was 5′7″ and had a beautiful body. Her breasts were round and plump. I had known her for about a year. But I had never known that she was interested in boxing. I used to car pool with her a lot, since we lived and worked near each other. One morning when I picked her up she found a magazine with an article in it about women boxers. I had a marker in it so she turned right to it. She asked me about it and as I turned red I answered her. She then asked me what I thought about mixed matches. And I told her that I guessed they were alright. She then told me that she was into boxing and that she enjoyed boxing men. I asked her if she did it often and she said, "Only when I can find someone to do it with." Then she popped the question. "Would you like to box me?" she asked.

I just looked at her. And she asked me if I was scared of her. And I said "No."

We talked about it all the way to work and she said, "You can give me your answer tonight."

I thought about it the whole day. I had never pictured myself fighting a woman before. She was pretty sure of herself when she asked me and I was a little worried.

When I picked her up that afternoon she asked me for my answer. After about a minute I told her yes. She seemed to be pleased because she said, "That's fine."

We set the date for that Saturday. There was a small gym that she went to work out in and she said that we'd box there. She also asked me if I didn't mind if some of her friends watched. That's when my heart sank. But I had accepted and I couldn't back out.

I arrived at the gym at 9:30 AM. The fight was at 10:00 AM. I knocked on the door and a good looking brunette named Betty answered the door. She said, "You must be Keith."

I said, "Yes."

I followed her in and she took me to a dressing room. She told me to get ready and she'd come and get me when it was time. Standing there in the room I started getting nervous. I changed into my swimming trunks and waited. Betty came back and told me that they were ready. I followed her out into the gym. As we walked I asked her how many other women were here. She said there were ten altogether.

The gym was not that big. And they had set up a small boxing ring in the middle. There was a thick mat on the floor.

As I entered the ring Donna was on the other side waiting. All the women were gathered around and talking to each other. Donna had on a black bikini and she looked good.

I was the same height as Donna and weighed 160 pounds. I had a pretty good build but had a potbelly. We both put on 10-oz. gloves.

Betty signaled for both of us to come to the center of the ring. I walked toward the center and watched Donna as she did the same. I ran my eyes up and down her beautiful body. I couldn't believe that I was there and doing this. Betty then set down the rules. There would be two minute rounds and the fight would be over when one of us was knocked out. I didn't remember anything about being knocked out. But I didn't say anything about it either. She asked us if we were ready. And we both said yes. We went back to our corners and someone rang the bell.

I met her in the center of the ring and we began. I threw out a couple of punches and she blocked them with ease and started throwing some at me. Her first punch was a right that landed under my left eye. As it hit all the women cheered and were yelling for more. She then let go with a left that really knocked me back. I almost fell on my ass. My head was starting to spin, and I had to stay away from her for a few seconds so it would clear. I then tried to sneak a punch in on her but she was waiting and sent a barrage of punches into my face. I stumbled back and fell on the mat. As I was getting on my feet one of the girls yelled to Donna, telling her how much time was left. Forty seconds to go, she said.

I stood and faced her once again. Donna let go with a left, then a right, another left, then another left. My head was bouncing around like a punching bag and I stumbled back with each punch. She then landed her right glove into the center of my stomach. It smacked as it hit. Then it went in, deep. I let out a loud grunt and doubled over with pain, falling to the mat. I lay there clutching my stomach and breathing real fast. It burned inside and brought tears to my eyes. The bell rang ending round one. Two women came and helped me to my corner. I slumped on the stool and they wet my face down with some water.

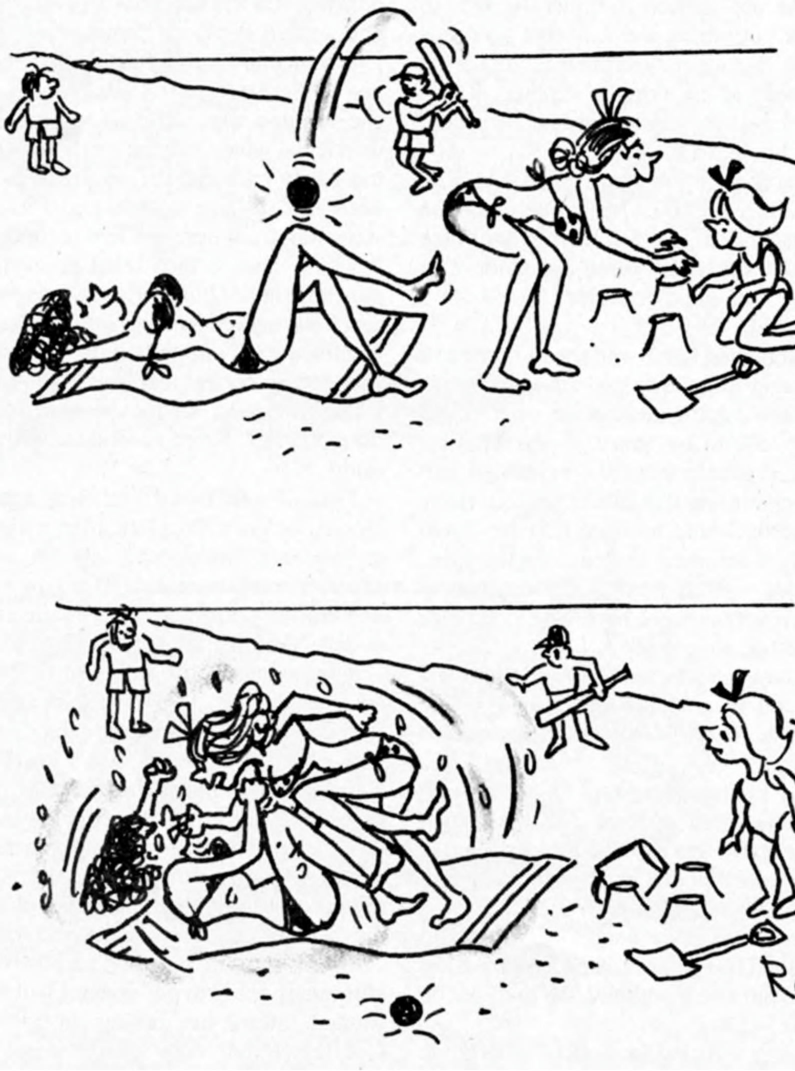
When the bell rang for round two I still wasn't ready to get up but I had to. I walked toward her raising my gloves. Out lashed her right glove, smashing into the center of my mouth. My lips crunched against my teeth and my lips began to swell. Blood started dripping from the cut she had left. My head was spinning once again. More punches to my face and mouth sent me reeling into the corner. I tried to cover my face, but when I did she'd just hit my body. When my arms went down, she'd hit my face. By the time round two was over I could hardly stand. The bell rang and I stumbled to my corner and slumped on my stool. My face was a mess. The skin under my eyes was bruised and swollen. My lips were all bloody and swollen. There was blood dripping from my nose and my body was one mass of pain. I couldn't keep back the tears in my eyes. They fixed me up the best they could. Then the bell rang for round three.

As I stumbled back out I was met with more punches to my face. They bounced all around my head and my knees began to buckle. As I started to fall Donna landed her right glove into my stomach as hard as she could. When it hit I let out a grunt, my butt shot back and my feet seemed to be lifted up off the mat and I landed on my knees. She finished me off with a roundhouse punch to my jaw. That's all that I remembered 'til I awoke and was lying flat on my back.

Donna and the other women were standing all around looking down at me. They helped me up and half-carried me to the dressing room. I lay for quite awhile before I could sit up. Betty stayed with me the whole time. Donna came in a little later and the first thing she said was, "How did you like getting beat up by a woman?"

I just looked at her. She really enjoyed beating me up. Betty said that I stood up longer than she thought I would. She figured me to go down in the second round.

I must admit that that girl really knew how to fight. And all in all I guess I really did enjoy her beating me up. It was kind of sexy. And one other thing. I never got a punch in either. So don't feel too bad, Ellen. —Beaten By A Woman, San Diego.



"Concentrate on her soft spots, go for those big breasts of hers, or her belly. You'll really hurt her that way..."

I have been a regular reader of *Cavalier* for some time and very much enjoy your catfight coverage, but I never thought I'd be writing to you about a personal catfight experience.

A few months ago a new girl moved into our neighborhood and became friends with our crew who do a lot of hanging out at my best friend Bobby's pool. Elena, the new girl, is a real piece of work—about 5'4", 125 well-proportioned pounds and long deep-brown hair. Her deeply tanned skin looks great, especially in contrast to the tiny white bikini she liked to wear around Bobby's pool. Her large breasts seem to always be falling out of the skimpy bikini bra, and her thighs, hips and belly are all perfectly rounded, if not a bit plump.

After a few weeks, her flirting became a problem, and Bobby's girl Melanie was becoming very upset, as was my girlfriend of four years, Martha. Elena liked to parade around the pool and strike sexy poses (with her body, it was easy) especially for Bobby. One day Melanie had enough. She was sitting with Martha and me, while across the pool Elena was coming on to Bob. Without saying a word, she got up and approached Elena, grabbed her by the shoulder, spun her around and slapped her across the face. "That's for showing off that fat body of yours to my boyfriend. Lay off him or there'll be real trouble." Elena greeted Melanie's words with a punch in the eye, and the battle began.

They both grabbed each other and fell to the grass pulling each other's hair and cursing each other out. I had an incredible erection by the time Melanie had ripped off Elena's bikini top and began to claw her beautiful breasts. Elena yelped in pain but got loose after ramming her knee into Melanie's cunt. Melanie screamed and rolled away, holding her pussy and crying. We all thought the fight would be a short one, Elena had gotten up and looked pleased as Melanie rolled around the ground still in great pain.

But Bob's blonde girlfriend surprised everyone when she struggled to her knees as Elena approached her. "Looks like you lose, blondie," Elena said with a smile. But Elena's smile was short-lived, as Melanie looked up, and as if by pure instinct, slammed her fist into Elena's belly. The brunette gasped and sank to her knees clutching her gut. From that point on we at the pool were treated to ten minutes of vicious catfighting. Elena tried to rip Melanie's eyes out, and did succeed in scratching her face badly. As Melanie's hands tried to protect her pretty face, the brunette began punching her breasts. Melanie tried to fight back, but the flirt's twenty pound weight advantage proved too much, and she was forced to submit.

A few days later, Martha decided that she was going to get Elena for what she had done to our friend Melanie. Bobby and I tried to talk her out of it, but it was no use. Martha was smart, though, and realized that Elena's catfighting ability was probably superior to hers. She also didn't want her face to wind up scratched like Melanie's, so she challenged Elena to a bare-knuckled boxing match, with rules and timed rounds and a referee. Elena cheerfully accepted.

The rules were simple—all punches allowed, but nothing else, no kicking, scratching, etc. There were to be three minute rounds, with two minutes rest in between, until one girl was either knocked totally unconscious, or refused to continue. The girls also agreed to wear only bikini bottoms, and the fight would be held in the privacy of Bob's backyard. Each girl would be allowed one coach in her "corner," and I of course agreed to be Martha's.

Martha and I discussed strategy on the morning of the fight. "Don't go for her head or face," I told her. Martha looked at me strangely "Why not? I'd like to knock some of her teeth out." The skull is very hard, I answered. "You could easily break a knuckle or finger if a punch to her head lands funny. Concentrate on her soft spots, go for those big breasts of hers, or her belly. You'll really hurt her that way." "Aw, the hell with it," Martha replied, "I just want to beat her bad."

Finally, the time had come. Martha had chosen a light blue bikini bottom and looked great (brunette, 5′2″, 105 lbs., 34-22-35). Elena was in her brief white bikini which didn't nearly cover all of her cunt hair. "Now look at that," I told Martha, "those soft full breasts of hers won't be able to take too many punches." Martha nodded as she and Elena approached each other.

Insults were hurled even before the first blow. "Hey look, the bitch is pregnant," cried Martha, pointing to the generous mound of Elena's belly. "Jealous bitch," shouted the brunette, "just 'cause you're built like a scarecrow...I'll rip those tiny tits right off you..." At this point, Jeff, the referee, reminded both girls of the "punching only" rule, and wished both of them good luck.

At last they began, carefully at first—neither girl with any real boxing experience—feeling each other out. Elena threw the first punch, a roundhouse right, that missed. Martha backpedaled, then took a step forward and threw a left that thudded into her opponent's breast. Elena, now hurting slightly, came back with two powerful rights that got through to my girl's head. Martha ducked a third right to the head and countered with a beautiful left that sank deep into Elena's belly, just below her navel. A look of pleasure appeared on Martha's face as her opponent doubled over gasping for air. She then straightened the girl up with a weak uppercut to the side of the jaw and landed a few shots into the breasts of her now hurting foe. The first round ended with Elena's coach helping her to her corner.

During the break I warned Martha of becoming too confident, and also reminded her of the terrific effect that her gut punch had on Elena. She nodded her head while breathing hard, "You're right, her belly makes an inviting target, so do her tits."

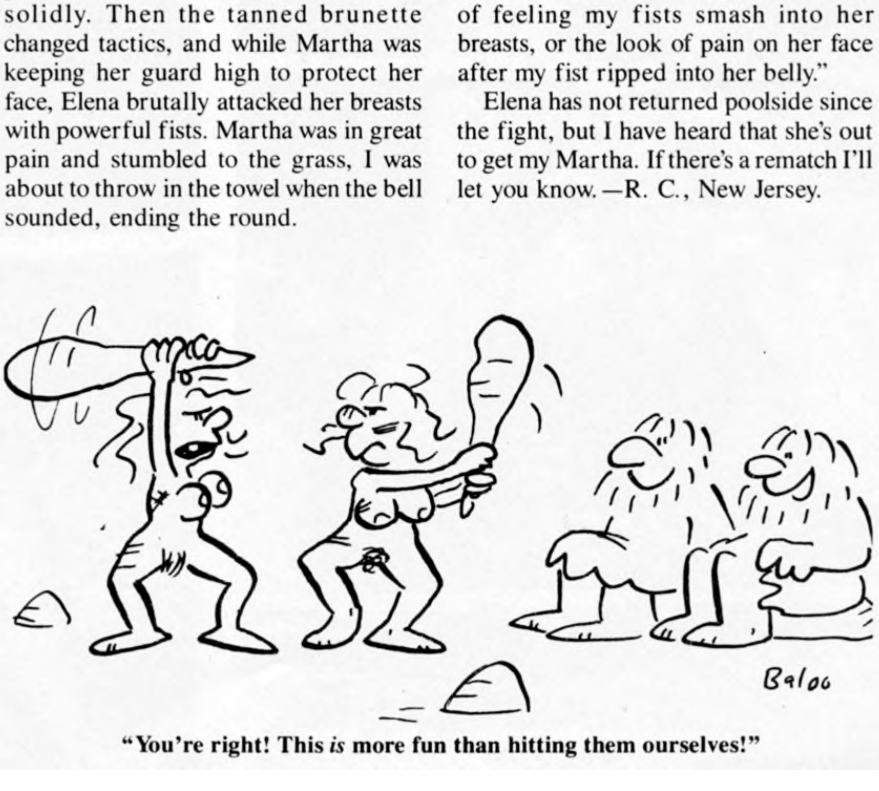
Elena started out strong in the second round. She continued to aim punches at Martha's face, and some were getting through. A right caused blood to trickle from my girl's nose, and a left split her lip. Martha tried to respond with punches to Elena's tits, but none landed solidly. Then the tanned brunette changed tactics, and while Martha was keeping her guard high to protect her face, Elena brutally attacked her breasts with powerful fists. Martha was in great pain and stumbled to the grass, I was about to throw in the towel when the bell sounded, ending the round.

Martha was in a lot of pain as the third round began, but now it was Elena's turn to be overconfident. She began the round with a wild swing that missed totally. Martha sidestepped the swing and countered with a right hand fist that had all of her 105 pounds behind it. I nearly came in my pants as she buried her fist into the soft mound of Elena's belly. Elena folded up, in trouble, and Martha gave her no time to recover as she mercilessly pounded her breasts, stomach and cunt. By this time, Elena was leaning back against some tall bushes, moaning and crying. I don't know how she managed to stay on her feet, but she did...until Martha ended the brawl with one last punch. Another vicious right caught Elena in the gut, this time Martha's small fist literally disappeared into Elena's soft belly. She gagged and groaned and fell to the grass a beaten woman.

That night Martha and I celebrated her great victory. Her split lip would heal soon, and besides a few bruises on her breasts, she came out of the fight in fine shape. Elena was okay too, but we later learned that she wouldn't wear a bikini for weeks after the fight because of a mass of ugly black and blue marks that covered her belly, courtesy of Martha's fists.

After making love that night, Martha thanked me for being a good coach. "Your strategy worked to perfection. I can't begin to tell you what a thrill fighting and winning are. The bitch got what she deserved. I'll never forget the thrill of feeling my fists smash into her breasts, or the look of pain on her face after my fist ripped into her belly."

Elena has not returned poolside since the fight, but I have heard that she's out to get my Martha. If there's a rematch I'll let you know. —R. C., New Jersey.



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FIGHT TIME!

> **"Jo picked up a giant glob of Jello and flung it squarely at Pam, hitting her in the leg. Pam glared at her and flipped her the bird, mouthing the words, 'Fuck you, bitch' for all to see. Jo slowly turned her back on Pam, bent over, and motioned for Pam to kiss her ass..."**

Your many catfight readers may be interested in an experience I recently had involving my girlfriend.

Jo, my girlfriend of several years, is about 5′6″ tall with very dark hair and a dynamite figure. She has a 36-inch bust and a very shapely ass, with attractively shaped legs. She looks a little bit like a younger Raquel Welch, in a way—and she is a fighter! I've witnessed Jo in at least seven or eight fights, ranging from a brief two-punch knockout in a bar (the other girl made a pass at me) to a knock-down, drag-out, hair-pulling, kicking, screaming, bitch fight on the beach (Jo and the other gal hated each other), to an arranged bikini boxing match as entertainment at a late night stag party. Jo won, with both girls ending up without their tops on and without boxing gloves—it evolved into a dandy bare knuckle, smoking, back-alley brawl. Jo admits that she really gets a kick out of fighting another girl, and she manages to get herself into enough situations to satisfy her desires!

About a month ago, a local bar staged a female Jello wrestling contest, which Jo gladly entered. However, Jo lost to a savage by the name of Pam, who is almost exactly the same size and shape as Jo, except she is blonde and not as attractive. During their match, Jo got kneed in the face, which stunned her temporarily, and as a result she got pinned by Pam. Jo sported a wicked black eye for about a week after that, and she was *furious*. She swore she would get revenge on Pam and the next scheduled Jello wrestling match would provide her the opportunity. They tangled last night, but first let me tell you what happened in the past month.

Immediately after the first bout between Pam and Jo, Jo went into training, working out a local gym, exercising, lifting weights, running, etc. She was serious about whipping Pam, and she promised to not only beat her, she promised to humiliate her! For four solid weeks, Jo trained like a contending boxer, including practicing wrestling (without the Jello) with her sister. I was allowed to watch, and I could tell Jo was getting better and better. Even though she has always been a good fighter, I could see the improvement.

Finally the big night came. I paid the bar owner to make sure Jo and Pam got matched up as the last match of the night. I knew it would be spectacular. The bar was jammed with spectators who cheered each of the matches lustily, especially if the gals got a little pissed. The large ring was filled with about 300 gallons of red Jello which soon became a slimy, soupy, slippery mess. It was great!

Jo chose a skimpy white bikini to wear. I could tell she was really nervous as we walked from the back room through the ample crowd to the arena. Pam, looking good in a leopard print bikini, approached from the opposite direction and climbed up to the raised stage containing the ring. Jo's eyes were narrow slits of hate as she shed her robe, revealing a fantastic body, with her bikini bottoms barely able to conceal her shapely ass cheeks.

It didn't take long for the fireworks to begin. While the referee was giving the instructions on the microphone, Jo picked up a giant glob of Jello and flung it squarely at Pam, hitting her in the leg. Pam glared at her and flipped her the bird, mouthing the words "Fuck you, bitch" for all to see. Jo slowly turned her back on Pam, bent over, and motioned for Pam to kiss her ass. The crowd went wild! They could smell a dandy battle coming up, and they were in a frenzy! The referee couldn't be heard over the loudspeaker, so he simply asked the girls to begin, and they gladly obliged by racing to center ring and colliding amid the roars of approval from the crowd. Jo clipped a leg behind Pam and tripped her to the mat, allowing her full weight to crash heavily on Pam and spraying a mist of red Jello on the ecstatic spectators in rows one and two. The two battlers struggled for advantage in a fast and furious fight, rolling and twisting, using head holds, etc.

Suddenly, Jo slipped a hand behind Pam's back and yanked her bikini top right off! She was getting her revenge. She tossed the skimpy garment out to the crowd, which screamed with glee! With Pam now topless, the battle continued for several more minutes until the end of round one, with neither gal recording a pin.

As they rested in their corners to await round two, both Pam and Jo were showing signs of being tired. The referee offered to retrieve Pam's bikini top, but she declined, yelling across at Jo to "take your top off and show us your fried eggs, bitch." The crowd soon picked up the chant "topless, topless, topless," and it was absolute pandemonium. The referee was obviously concerned about losing control of this bout, but he was powerless to stop it. Had he tried, the crowd would have lynched him.

As the bell rang for round two, after an intermission of insults being exchanged between Jo and Pam, Jo casually unhooked her bikini top, removed it, and threw it aside. The fight would indeed be topless! Splattered with red Jello and drenched in perspiration, the two combatants circled with outstretched arms, looking for an opening to attack. Jo found an opening and rushed Pam, and I swear I heard the sound of two pair of tits crashing together as the two collided. Each set of nipples was deliciously hard with excitement, with Jo sporting the larger and more erect pair.

As they fell to the mat again, the Jello wrestling match ended and the catfight was on! Punches were exchanged as each attempted shots to the head and body, with both Jo and Pam ending up on their knees facing each other, matching each blow with a return blow. The slimy Jello limited the effectiveness of this bare knuckle barrage, though, because most punches tended to deflect away, except for several of Jo's direct hits to the head and tits. This furious punch-out lasted for at least forty-five seconds, until Pam clinched with Jo and they once again rolled to the mat. Pam managed to get Jo by the neck and begin to choke her. She was one savage bitch! Jo wiggled out of that hold, even more pissed now than before, as she scrambled to her feet. The two valiant and game she-fighters, breasts heaving with exhaustion, retreated to their corners to rest momentarily.

As the crowd urged them on, they once again approached each other, more slowly now, each looking for a knockout punch, fists raised in the classic fighter's pose as they circled. It was duke-out city as Jo took the initiative by unleashing a flurry of left-right combination punches which caught Pam square on the side of the head and sent her down. Jo jumped on her and they grappled for advantage, but Pam wasn't done. She managed to get her mouth near Jo's right tit and she bit it hard—which pissed Jo off! As they broke away from each other, Jo rubbed her breast gently, obviously in pain but now also terribly angry.

Jo waited no longer for the right opening. She mustered up enough energy to unleash another series of left-right combination punches, which Pam tried to block before she caught a right hook squarely on the jaw which sent her down for the count. The battle was over. Jo raised her arms in a victory celebration as she stood in center ring, straddling her conquered foe, beautiful breasts bared for all to see, nipples erect with excitement. The crowd went wild with excitement, Jo later told me she experienced an orgasm at that precise moment of celebration!

I have a feeling Jo and Pam may not be totally done with each other. Both live in the neighborhood near the bar where their battle royal occurred, so we may yet see "Round 3." I'll let you know.—R.P., Minnesota.

"She would love to see the blonde submit to licking her pussy and humiliating her in front of her boyfriend Ronnie, once and for all showing her that brunettes are superior to blondes..."

I am a loyal reader of your magazine, especially the "Fight Time" section. I think it is super.

Last summer, in your June edition, a story caught my eye. It was about a big, Irish, blonde Amazon named Veronica. She was from Albany, New York. It just so happens I live there too, a small world. I might have run into her and never have known it.

Well, anyway, she wrestled a brunette named Barbara, her boyfriend Ronnie's wife, and won the match plus Ronnie. It was quite a match. She not only beat her, but humiliated her as well, by sticking her toes up the brunette's cunt. Then making Barbara eat her pussy as Ronnie watched and when she had finished eating, she made the brunette lick her toes clean of Barbara's secretion. And as a grand finale she made her opponent watch as she fucked Barbara's husband.

I was never so excited in my life. I kept that magazine tucked away all this time and read it occasionally by myself. Last week my girlfriend Marion was cleaning house and came across it; she came across the story and out of curiosity read it. She liked it too and told me so that evening.

Marion is a brunette in her fifties, but she could pass for forty. She is French and Shoshone Indian. She weighs 195 pounds and is all solid muscle from her head to the tip of her toes. Her legs are shapely and extremely muscular. She could put those body building girls to shame with her legs. She also has a 42-D chest that is as firm as an eighteen year old.

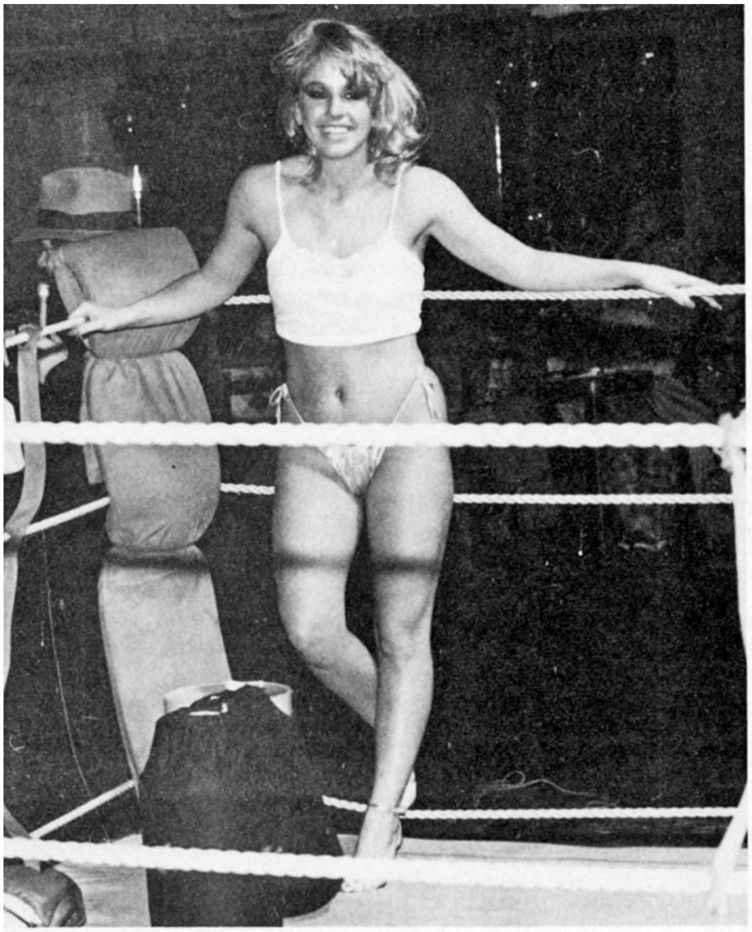
She is a country girl from New London, Conn., before moving here and at one time was a barmaid in some of the toughest joints in the city. She is tough, very strong and a brawler. Also she loves to wrestle, especially with other women. I've wrestled with her and on one occasion lost. I weigh 210 pounds, but when she got a scissor's hold on me with those legs, it was all over.

I've seen her arm wrestle many women and even a few men and put them all down with ease. Also, I've seen her wrestle with a few women when she was drinking in the summer at a party in bathing suits just for fun. And they were a good deal younger than she, but she won easily. The funny thing about it is she is also nicknamed Amazon by our friends.

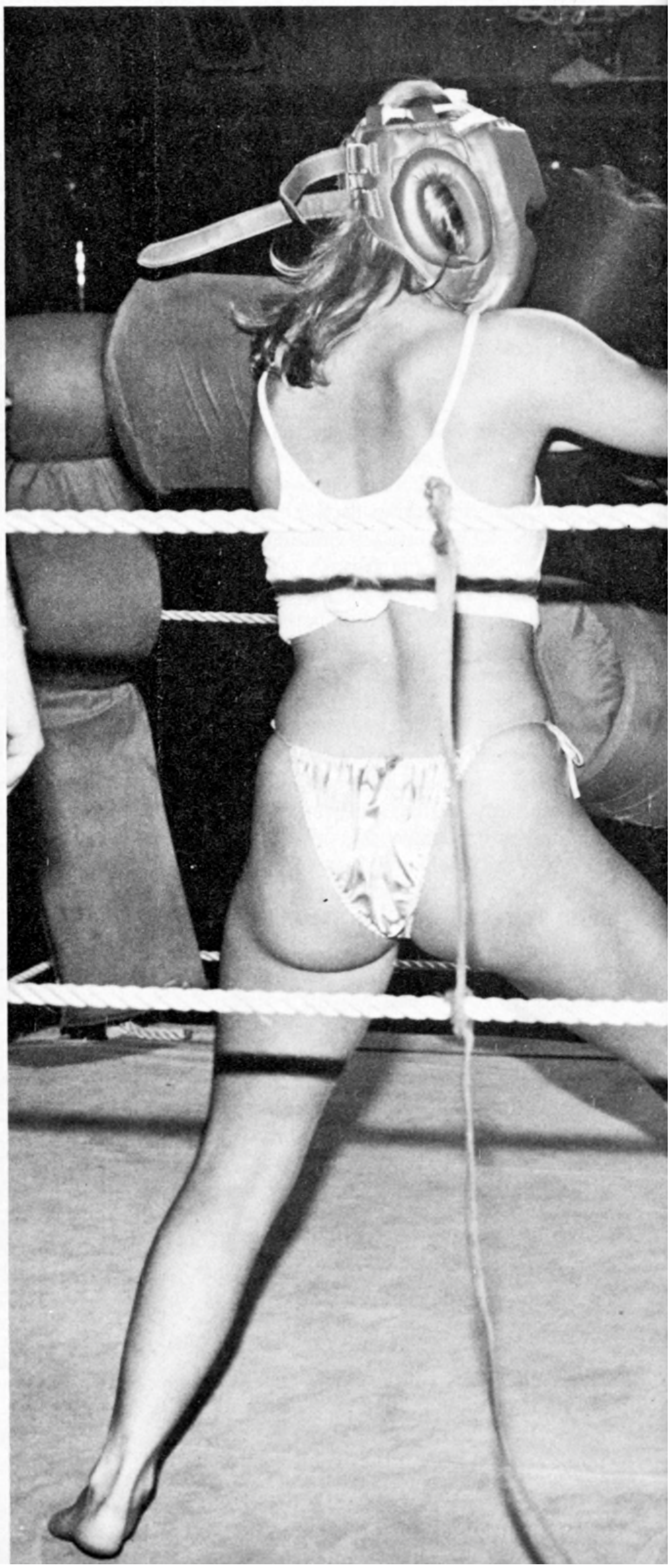
Marion says she would like to challenge the blonde Veronica to a match. The reasons: one for the title of Amazon, two that she says brunettes are stronger and tougher than blondes, and three it would excite her to do the same things to Veronica that the blonde did to Barbara. She would love to see the blonde submit to licking her pussy and humiliating her in front of her boyfriend Ronnie, once and for all showing her brunettes are superior to blondes, no matter what the age difference may be.

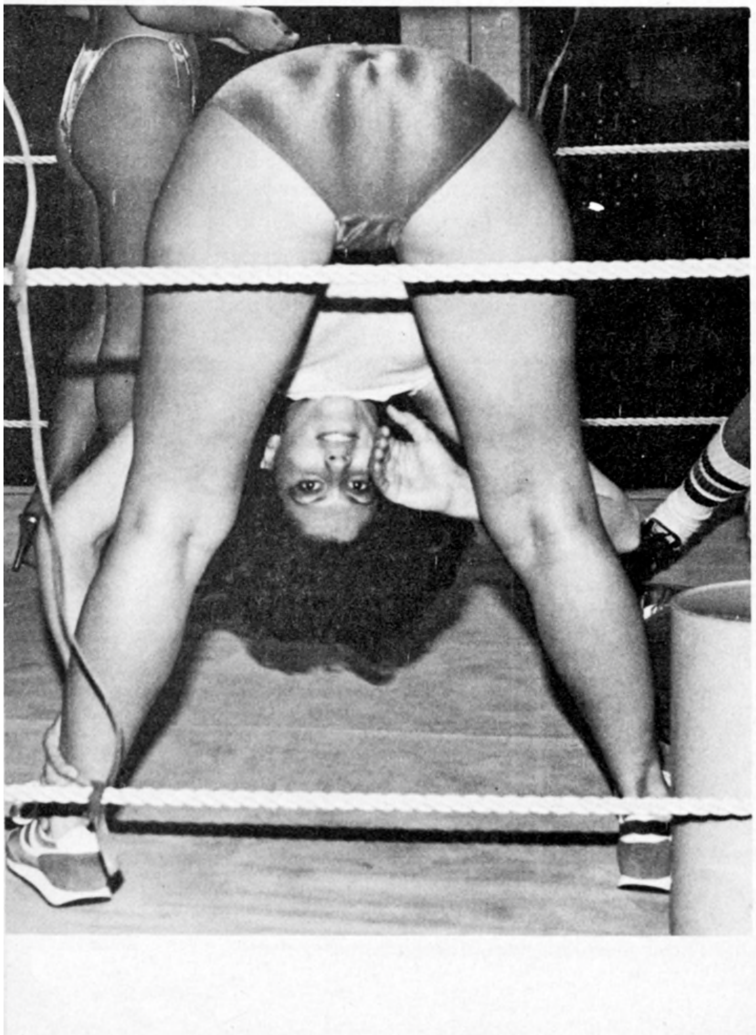
The rules: a nude, no holds barred wrestling match between them with the boyfriends present. The victor may also have the choice if she so desires to make love to the loser's boyfriend.

We would like this printed as soon as possible, so Ronnie or Veronica can see it. If they do read it they can contact us by writing to us in care of *Cavalier,* which has our address, if they accept the challenge.—M. & V., New York.

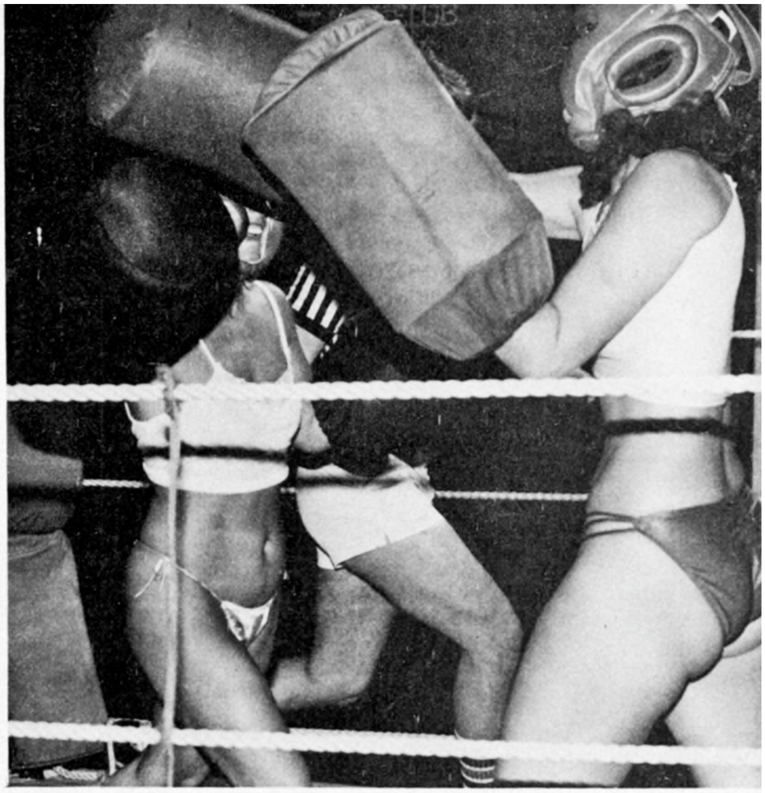


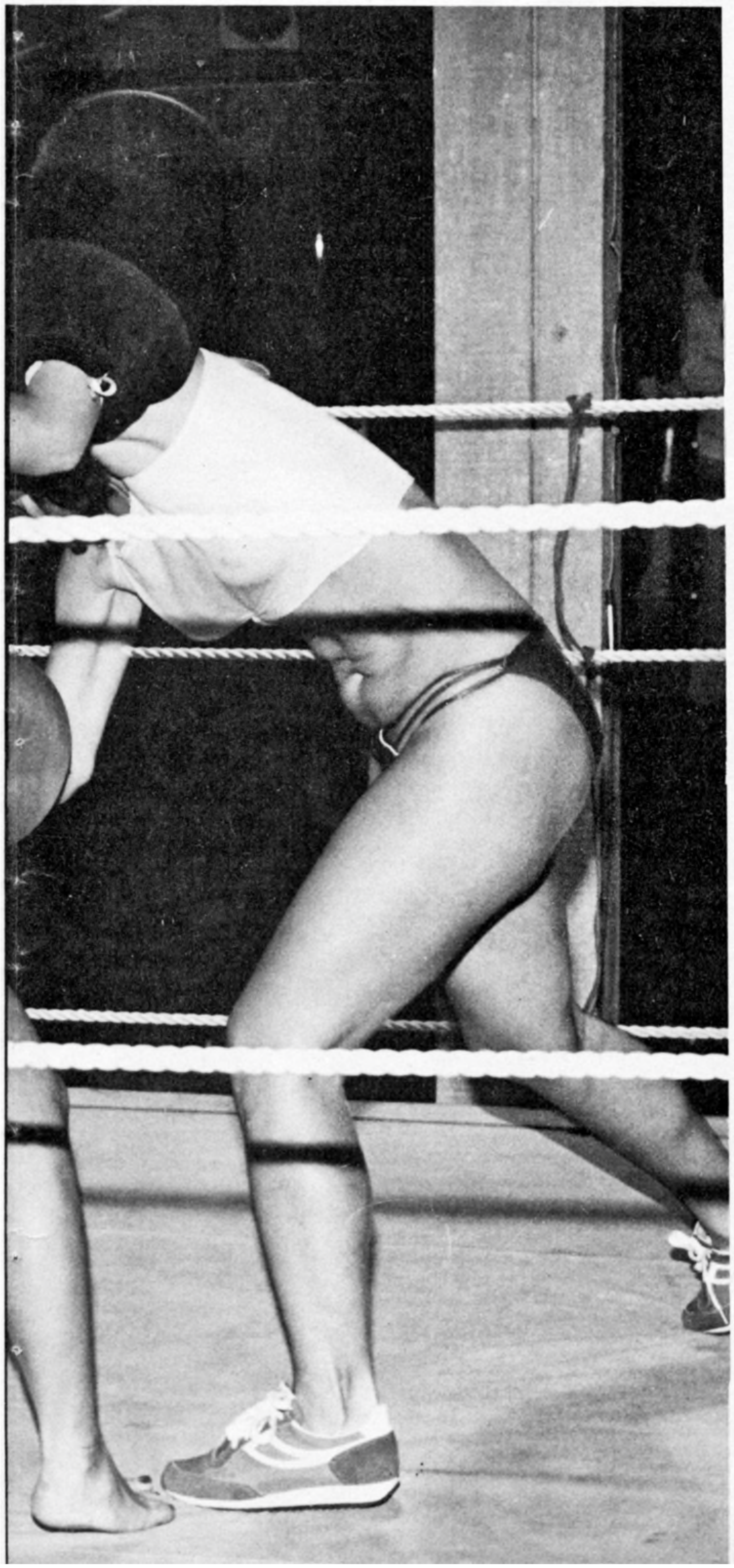
FOXY BOXING CARD
#1
California Cutie vs. Rocky

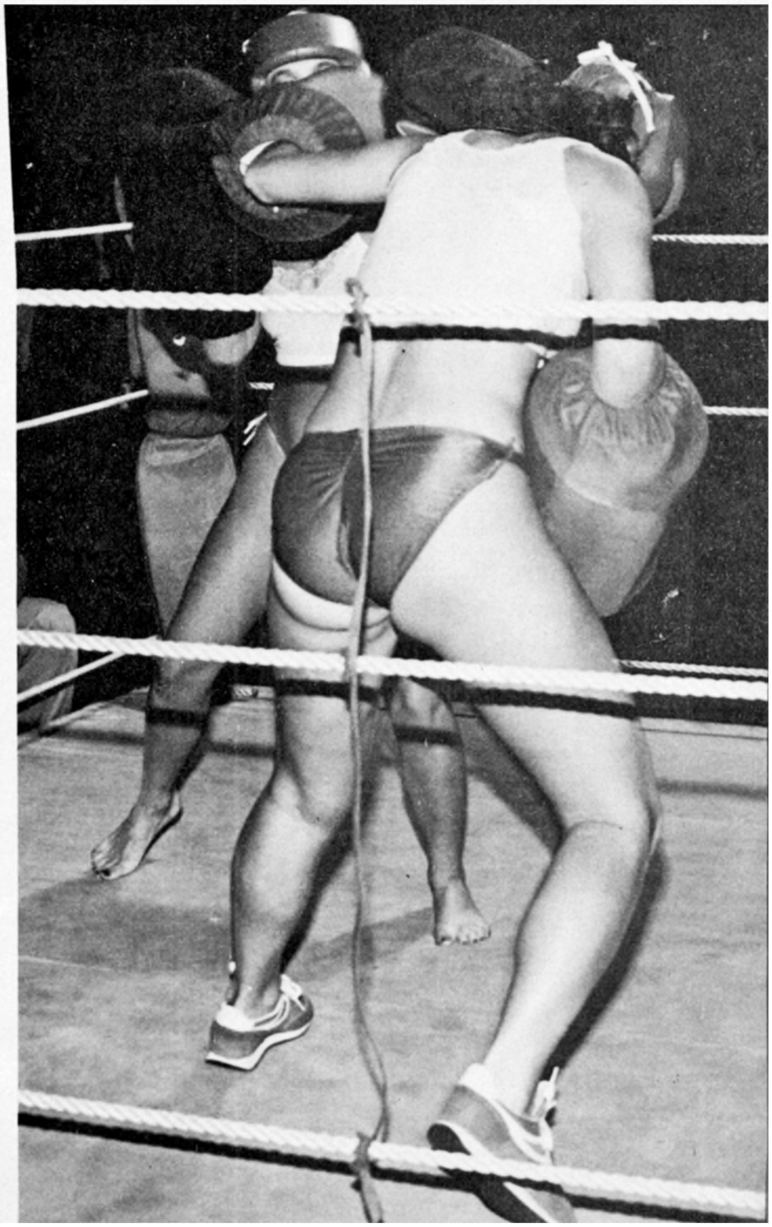


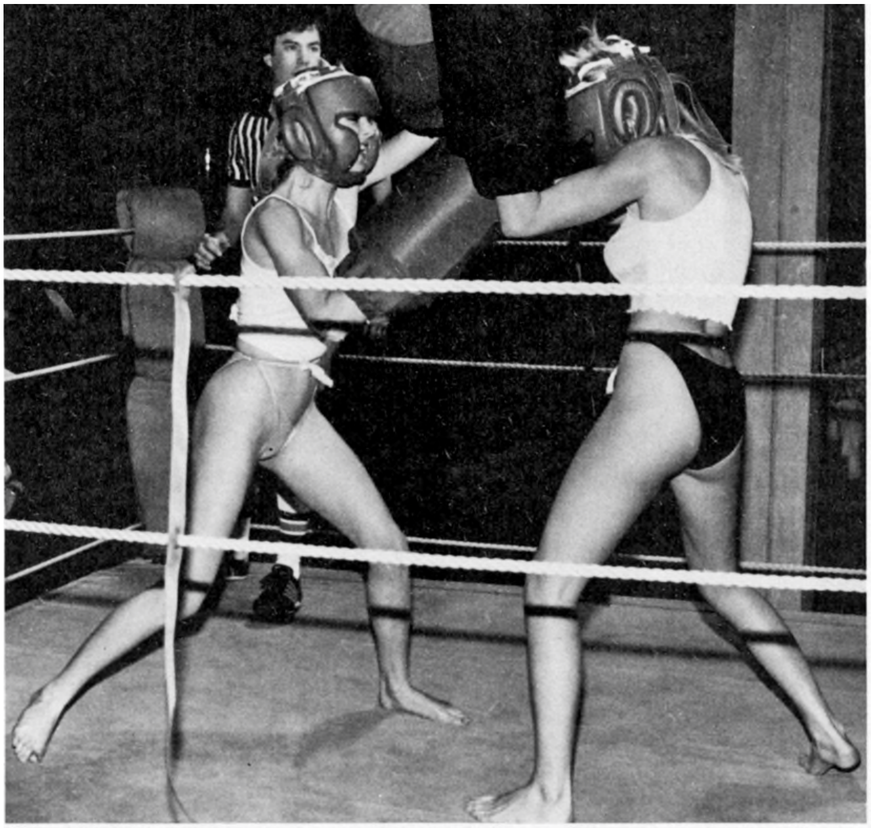


The brainchild of a promoter looking for a way to bring female fisticuffs to the nightclub scene with a minimum of brutality, Foxy Boxing has taken off like a comet. The gals wear giant gloves and head protection to avoid physical damage, but the fans love it anyway. The action before the bell is always exciting. The gals strut around in tiny outfits, wetted down for a better view of crotch and tits. Despite precautions, the gals do get angry and trade some blows like the sneaky left hook below, right, thrown by Rocky to the pretty puss of California Cutie.



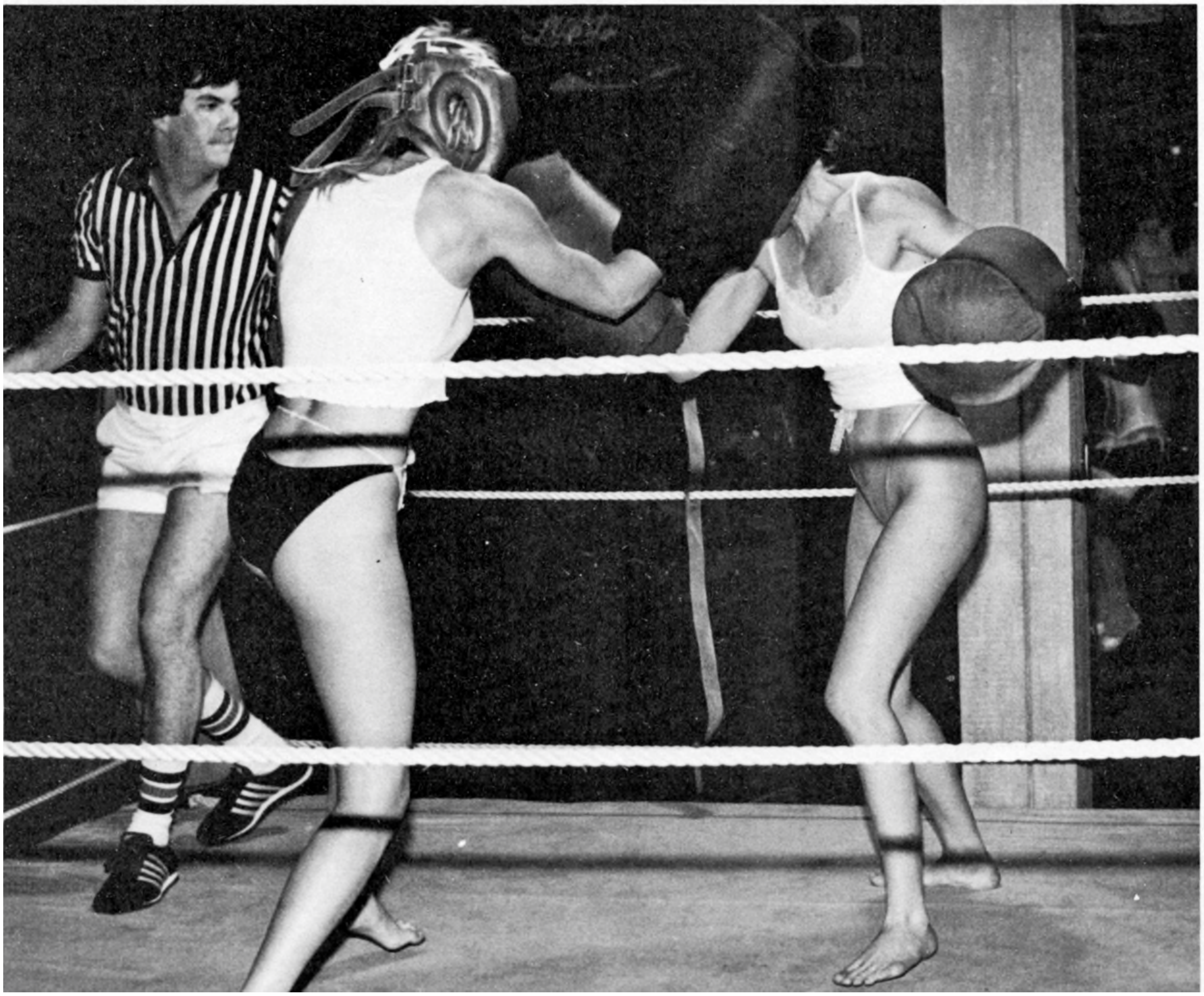


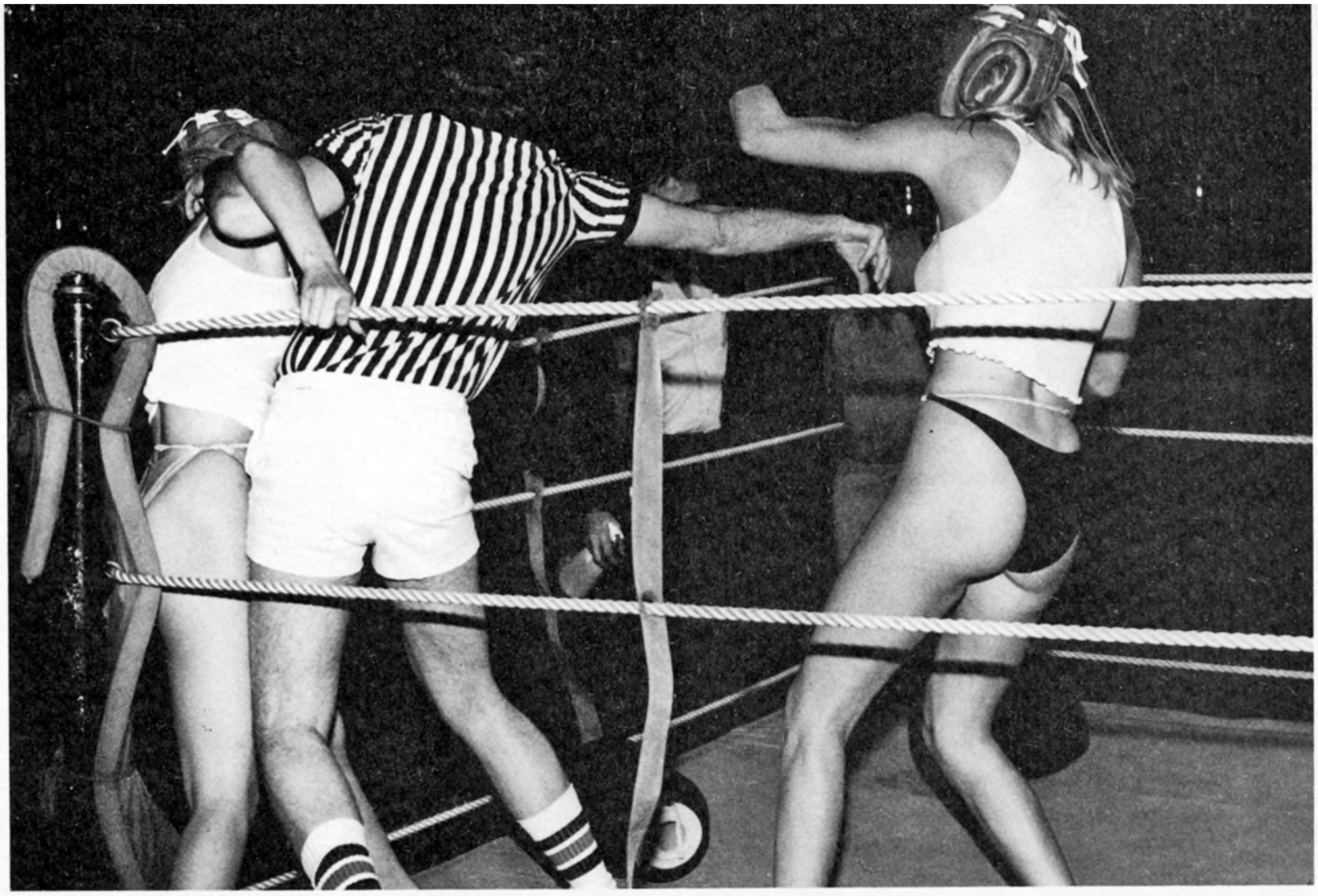


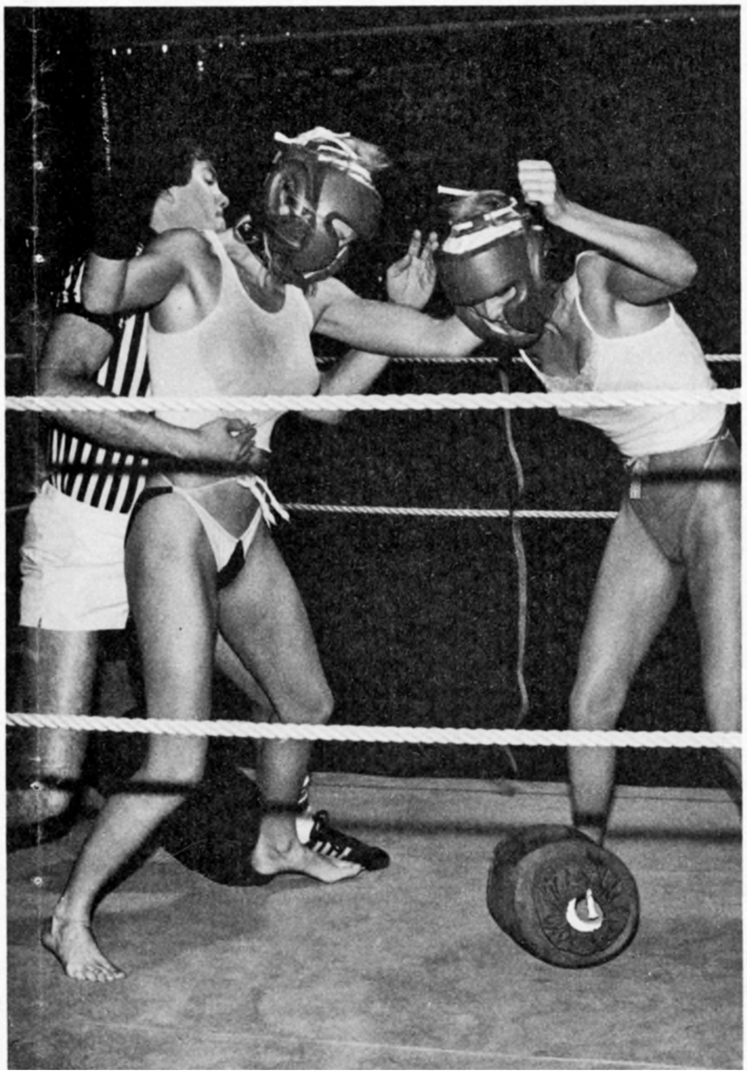


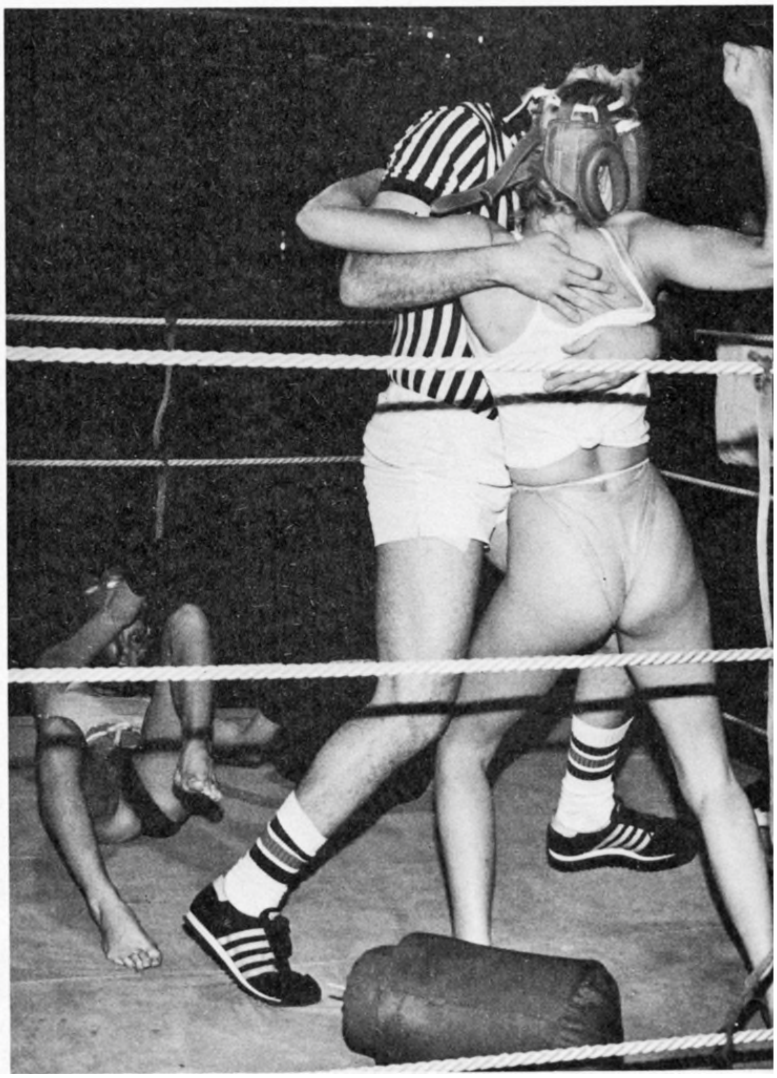
#2 Lean Mean Machine vs. Boxing Bombshell

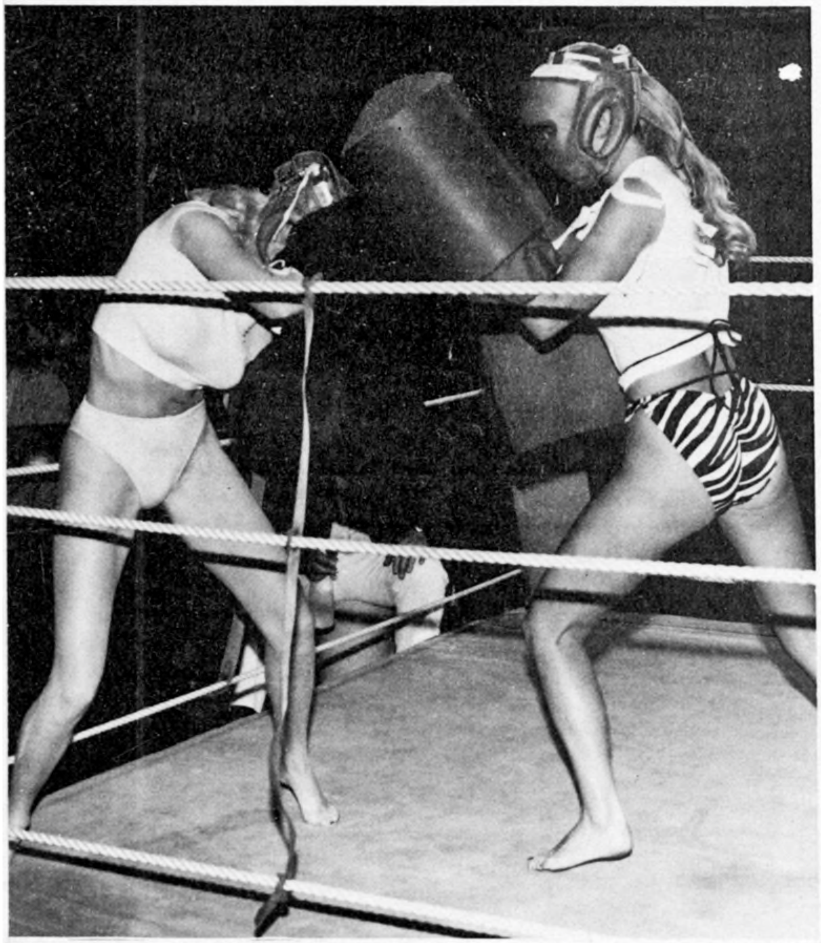
Foxy Boxing usually starts out mildly with the girls giggling and having a good time, but the gals have short fuses and all it takes is a stinging blow from one adversary, and the shit hits the fan! Below, The Boxing Bombshell lands a hard right to Lean Mean Machine's face and the next thing we see, the referee has his hands full trying to separate the gals who have turned the match into a screaming catfight. Gloves are discarded and the girls go at it bare-fisted as the audience roars. Bombshell falls, revealing some snatch and the crowd loves it.





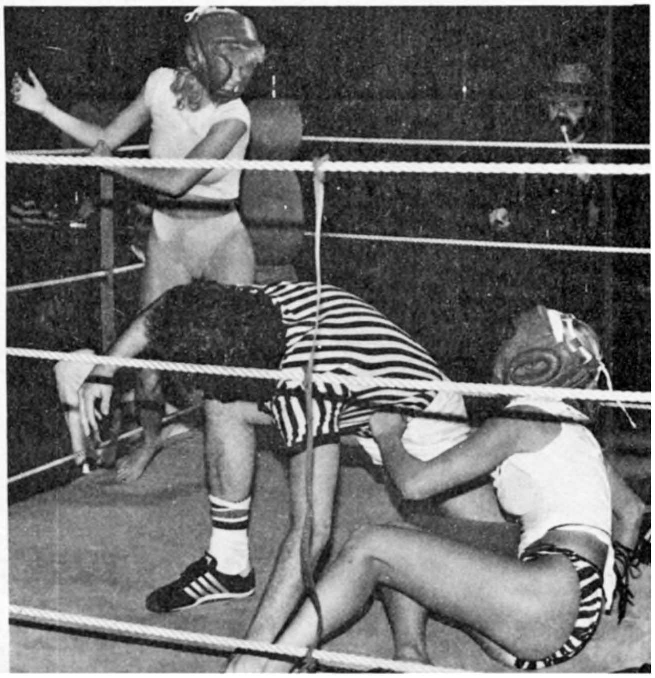






#3 Hollywood Honey vs. The Pink Panther

The girls come out swinging in this wild match where the deceptively tiny Pink Panther in her pink outfit has obviously had some boxing experience. Above, she lays a nose-mashing counterpunch to Honey's face and then covers up nicely, left, as Honey retaliates. As often happens, the girls shed their gloves for some rough stuff.

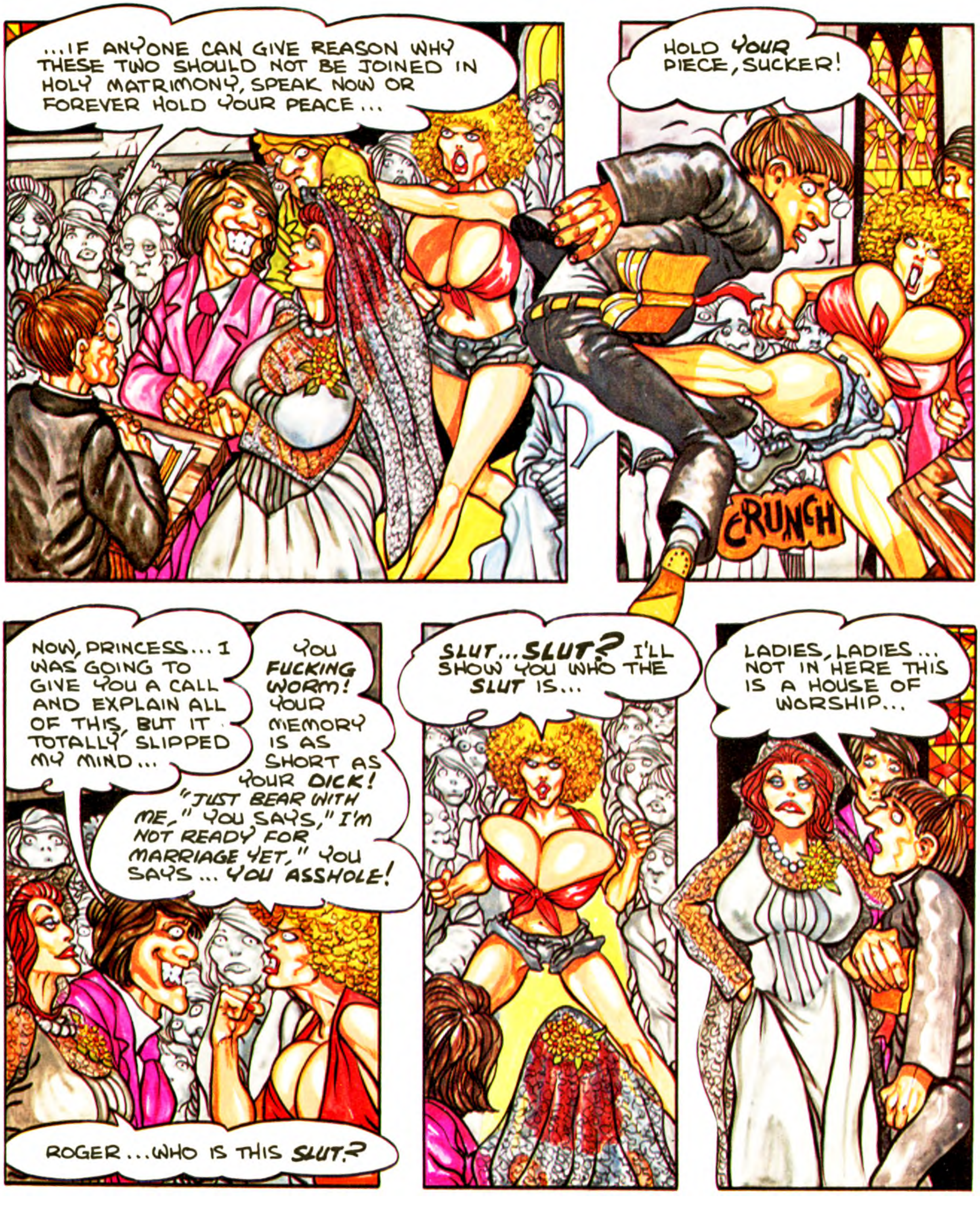


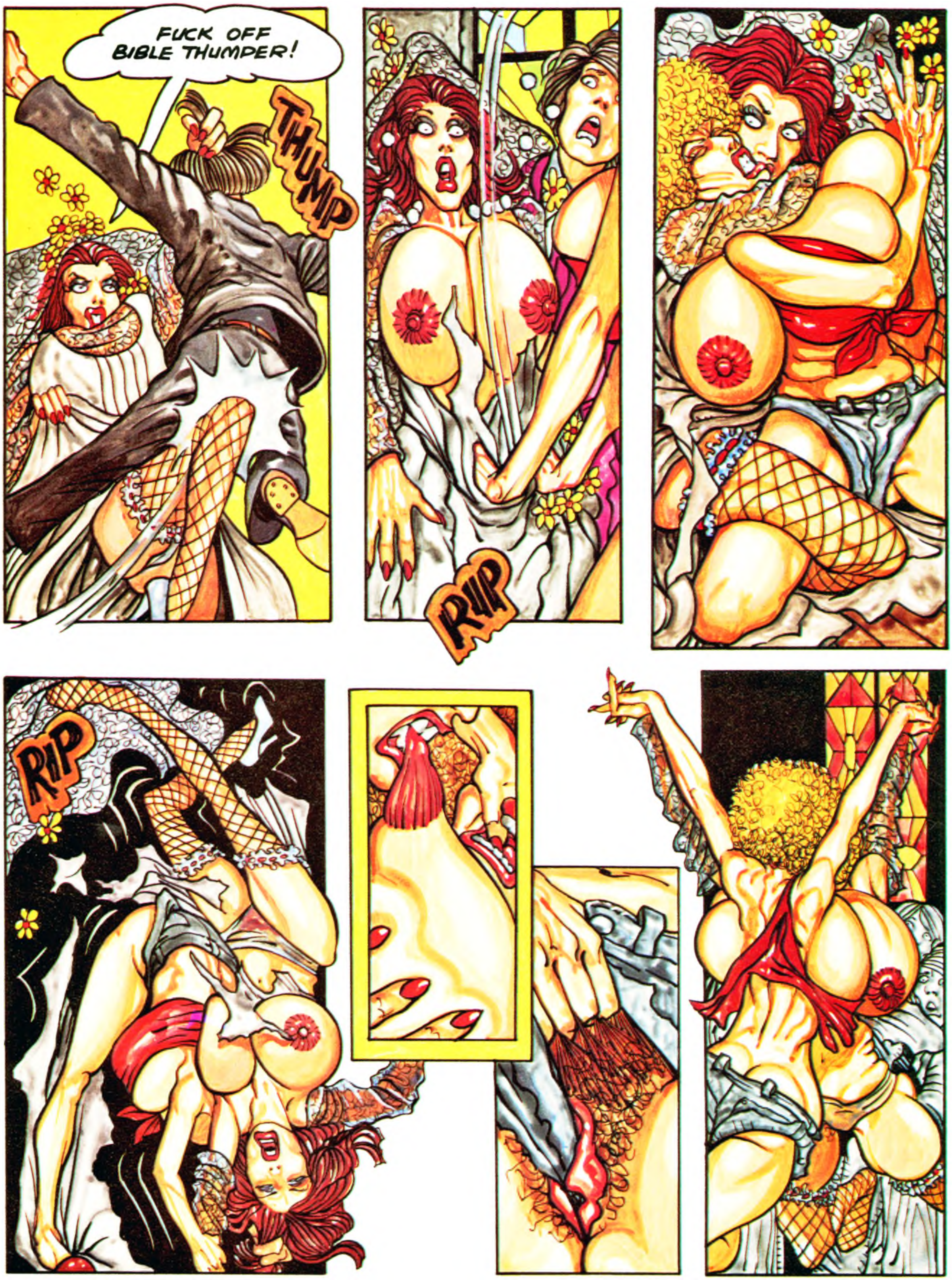
Getting Creamed

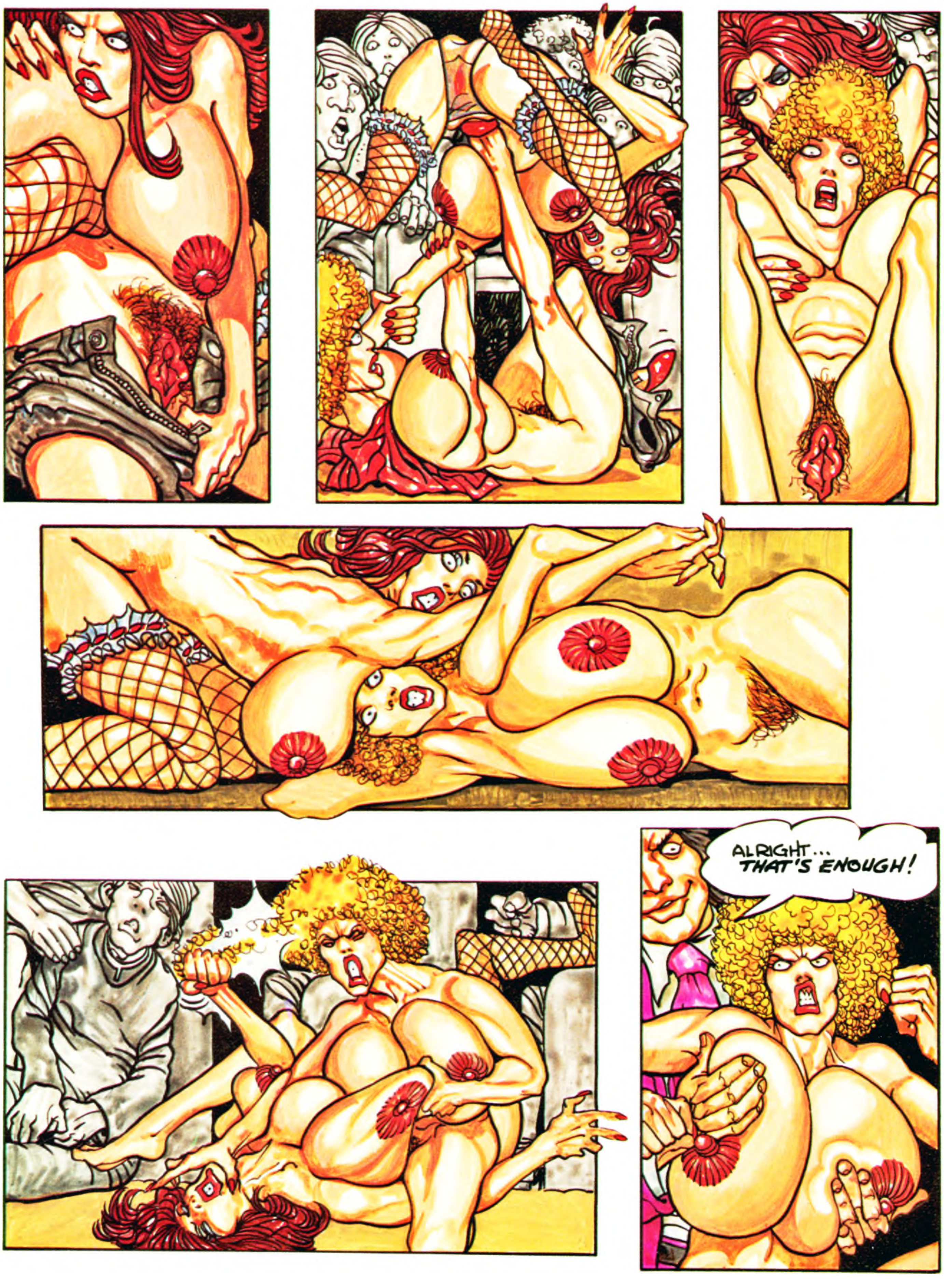
• In a recent *Cavalier,* an avid reader wrote asking that we show a pair of scantily clad models involved in a free-for-all stuffing cream pies into each other's faces. Well, we haven't gotten to the cream pie bit, but our friends at Triumph Studios in California did come up with the latest spectator sport, Whipped Cream Wrestling, which is a sweet diversion from mud-wrestling, oil wrestling and all of the other things horny guys are thinking up to get the ladies to mix it up with each other. As you can see, the object is to spray the girls with whipped cream and then let 'em go to it on an air filled mat. It's a real mess!

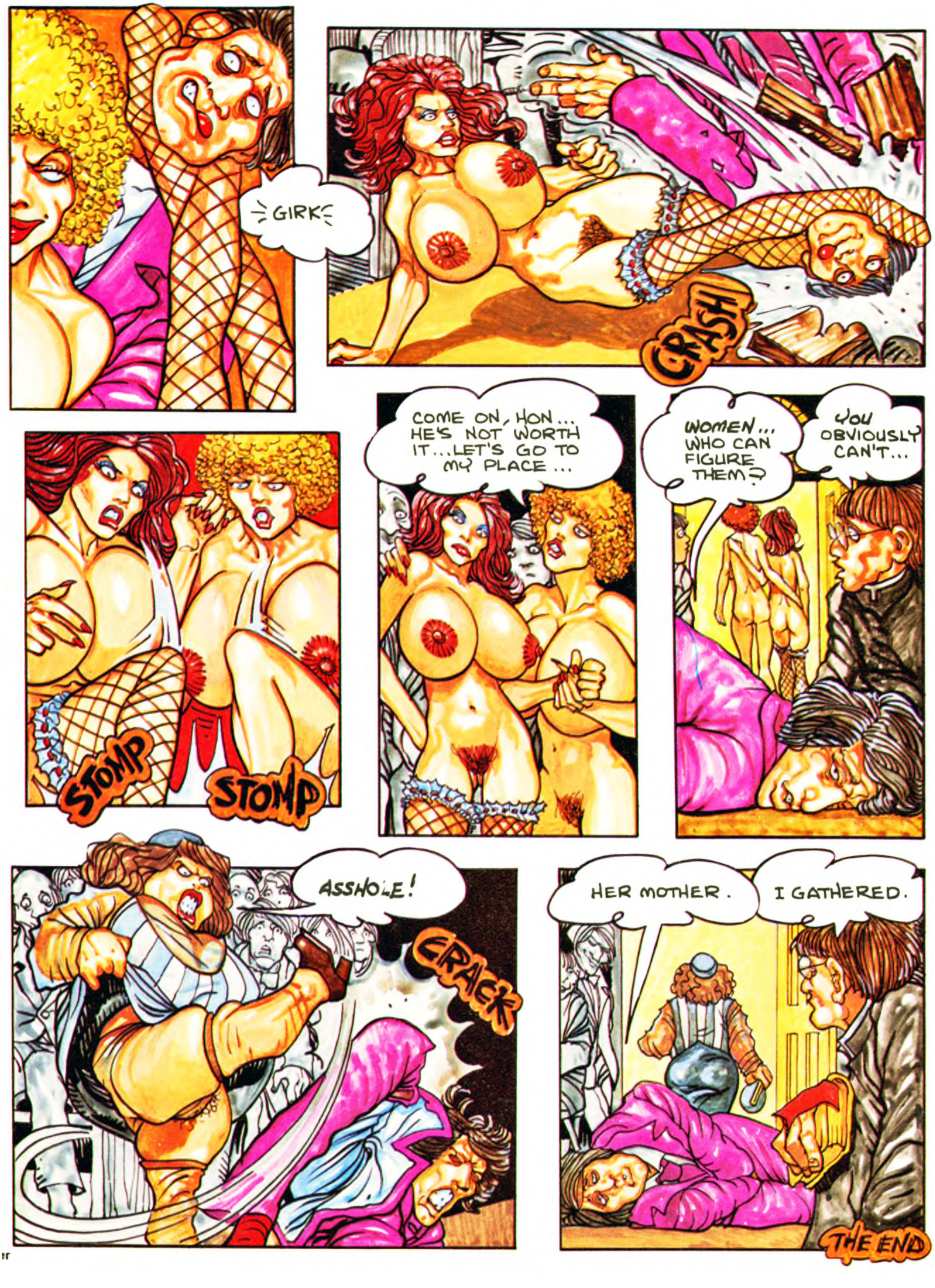
We don't exactly know *why* sports like this are erotic, but they are. Some psychologists and liberationists say it's demeaning to women and a very piggy male chauvinist trick to put down ladies, but their response to that is usually a word that rhymes with bullshit. The gals love it too because it's really erotic for them also. "It gives us a flimsy excuse to get physically abusive also and yet do it in a more ladylike way than just whaling the shit out of each other," one professional lady mud wrestler says. Whatever the reason, it packs the nightclubs with guys who enjoy the sights and gals eager to compete for big thrills and prizes.

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART...


...IF ANYONE CAN GIVE REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE JOINED IN HOLY MATRIMONY, SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE...
HOLD **YOUR** PIECE, SUCKER!
CRUNCH
NOW, PRINCESS... I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU A CALL AND EXPLAIN ALL OF THIS, BUT IT TOTALLY SLIPPED MY MIND...
YOU **FUCKING WORM!** YOUR MEMORY IS AS SHORT AS YOUR **DICK!** "JUST BEAR WITH ME," YOU SAYS, "I'M NOT READY FOR MARRIAGE YET," YOU SAYS... **YOU ASSHOLE!**
ROGER... WHO IS THIS **SLUT?**
SLUT... SLUT? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE **SLUT** IS...
LADIES, LADIES... NOT IN HERE THIS IS A HOUSE OF WORSHIP...


FUCK OFF BIBLE THUMPER!
THUMP
RIP
RIP


ALRIGHT... THAT'S ENOUGH!


GIRK
CRASH
STOMP
STOMP
COME ON, HON... HE'S NOT WORTH IT...LET'S GO TO MY PLACE...
WOMEN... WHO CAN FIGURE THEM?
YOU OBVIOUSLY CAN'T...
ASSHOLE!
CRACK
HER MOTHER.
I GATHERED.
THE END

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Whenever articles or books dealing with the movies discuss film fights, it is the men who have gotten the coverage, with maybe a brief reference set aside for a negelected and even more exciting variation. It is of course the celluloid clashes between the ladies. The confrontation between two (or more) women has been known and appreciated by film makers for years, because there is something special in these fights that, for want of a better description touches the savage buried in all of us. They have ranged from brief slapping or hair-pulling clashes to some of the most exciting, rousing battles ever to be put on film. Within the pages of FEMALE FIGHTS IN THE CINEMA, you will find what is probably the first comprehensive listing of female fight sequences in the movies. It contains over 765 American and foreign films (including x-rated) listed in alphabetical order with dates, descriptions of the fights and other relevent information. You will also find over 150 photos (some dated back to the silent era) illustrating many of the listed titles.

See the classic hair-pulling, dress-tearing fight between Marlene Dietrich and Una Merkel in the 1939 western classic DESTRY RIDES AGAIN — a film whose fight scene caused a censorship problem at the time. Witness the 'girl fight' between Martine Beswick and Aliza Gur in the 1964 James Bond thriller, FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE — the all time favorite of girl fight fans. In 1981, devotees were treated to ALL THE MARBLES — a veritable feast of body-slamming, razzle-dazzle "pro-wrestling" brawls between fighting ladies. The list continues to cover and illustrate films from the circa 1920's MANHANDLED to the 1982 film CONCRETE JUNGLE starring Tracy Bregman. From the 1942 serial PERILS OF NYOKA to the 1974 film THE ARENA starring Pam Grier. From Senta Berger in Ian Fleming's 1966 film, THE POPPY IS ALSO A FLOWER to BELOW THE BELT — the story of Rosalyn Drexler's pro-career shown in 1980. All these and hundreds more.

The number of fans of female screen fights has been growing all the time. It was inevitable that sooner or later someone would have to come up with something special for them. FEMALE FIGHTS IN THE CINEMA is that something special!

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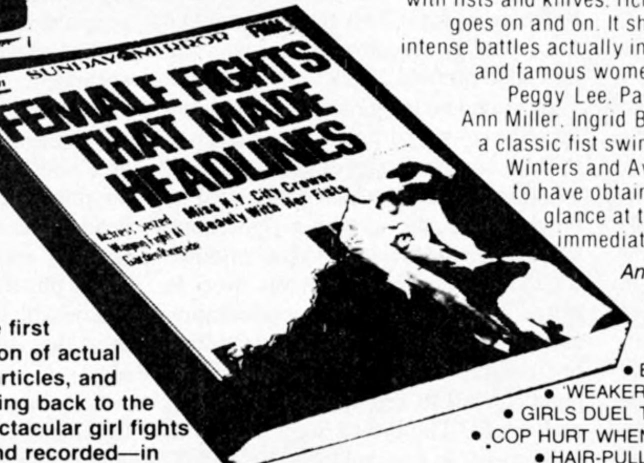
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Miss N.Y. City Crowns Beauty With Her Fists

That's right! Here is the first comprehensive collection of actual newspaper headlines, articles, and photographs, some dating back to the 1920's, of the most spectacular girl fights ever to be witnessed and recorded—in words and pictures.

For the connoisseur of fighting women, it cannot be overemphasized that these female battles — with all the scratching, kicking, biting and hair pulling are **100% authentic.** All the material contained in this remarkable and rare collection has been culled from five bulging albums belonging to a private collector. Each article and photo was carefully reproduced directly from the original newspaper articles, unedited and uncensored. These female clashes range from humorous and titillating to savage, bloody catfights to deadly duels with knives, guns and other weapons. Be prepared, for these real controlled battles often continue to a decisive finish. Without rules or restraint, these wild she-cats inflict cruel punishment on one another, sometimes with grave results. The diversity among the female combatants engaging in these vicious bouts is certainly amazing: Beautiful models and actresses claw it out; strippers and showgirls bite, kick and pull hair; sisters fight over a man; wives and mistresses tangle in fierce combat; high school girls battle with fists and knives; rich society women fight to the death; and it goes on and on. It should also be noted that some of the most intense battles actually involve many of the world's most beautiful and famous women —including Anita Ekberg, Lana Turner, Peggy Lee, Paulette Goddard, Virna Lisi, Anna Magnani, Ann Miller, Ingrid Bergman, Lupe Velez, Georgia Sothern and a classic fist swinging, hair pulling catfight between Shelly Winters and Ava Gardner. We are fortunate and grateful to have obtained this rare collection. After a quick first glance at this mountain of memorabilia — we know immediately — it **must** be published — and shared.

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Fight Forum

Dear Cavalier:

After three years research on the subject of female aggression, I felt that I had to write your publication. I am a sociologist and former college instructor who happened to approach this study by accident. As you know, many papers have been written on sports fans and how they react to their favorite sport. I decided three years ago to write a paper on crowd behavior at a mud wrestling match. Little did I know that I would become an avid fan myself.

In the past three years I have attended fifty-four female "entanglements" in four different categories: 1, mud and oil wrestling, 2, foxy boxing, 3, real professional female boxing, 4, arranged private club "catfights." The first two categories take place in drinking establishments, and the third in sporting arenas. The last category, best known as "apartment house wrestling" to its fans, almost never takes place in apartments, so I chose a different but appropriate name. Now, someone will say that fifty-four bouts is a small number to claim accurate statistics from, and I agree. For that reason I will speak in generalities; however, I feel certain that fifty-four bouts are far more than ninety-nine percent of the female population of this country has ever gotten to see.

I was privy to nine professional fights, six "foxy boxing" matches, twenty-one mud/oil fights, and eighteen private club matches. My first observation was that few of the bouts were between blacks and whites. In four boxing matches, the results were even, and in wrestling, the black ladies led by only a four to three count. Secondly, there were only a few of the so called "Betty vs. Veronica," blonde vs. brunette confrontations. Most of those few were in the bars, and if any generality could be made, it would be that blondes make better boxers. Actually, I could not find any differences due to race or hair color, nor did I expect to find any. Since in almost all bouts, the ladies were matched as closely as possible (only two cases were obviously more than ten pounds different) I could not discern size as an advantage either. But I did find two definite factors that decide the contests.

I was amazed at my ability to predict the outcome of fifty-two of the fifty-four bouts after watching only the first minute of each contest, and sometimes before it began. The lady I judged to be in better physical condition, muscularly, foot speed, and general endurance, almost inevitably won. Endurance was the most important factor, as most bouts were lost by one of the contestants giving into fatigue, rather than being overwhelmed by her opponent. One exception was a club fight between a weightlifter, and a college track star. The track star was in far better condition, and tossed the weightlifter around the room for nearly fifteen minutes, beating her to a pulp. However, in her final lunge she neglected to see a desperate wild right punch that landed on her cheek and snapped her head back.

ABOUT THIS PAGE...

The above letter was addressed to our "Fight Time" section. But somehow it didn't seem to belong in those pages of accounts of wild bouts you have witnessed. Its length made it impractical for our "Speak Out" department. The result of this editorial dilemma is this page we've called "Fight Forum." It is a department where fight fans can exchange their more serious ideas, comments and observations that, in *Cavalier*'s judgment, do not fit into either "Speak Out" or "Fight Time." Frequency of appearance of this new department will, of course, depend entirely on your response.

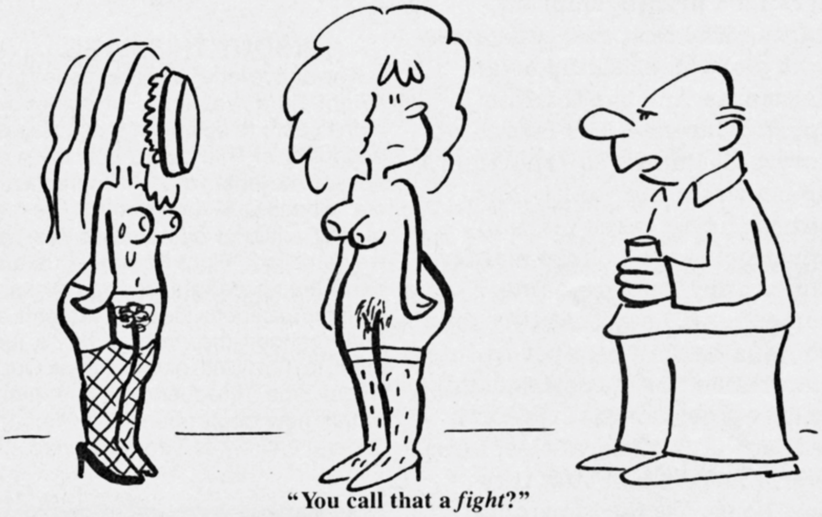
The lifter broke a knuckle throwing that punch. She staggered and fell on top of the track star for the pin.

The other factor I found came from interviewing the contestants. Twenty-five of the one hundred-eight contestants agreed to be interviewed. Nine of the ladies where very open, and admitted they liked physical aggression as a means to release pent up emotions. They compiled an eight and one winning record. The other sixteen were more hesitant to talk openly. They were in it for the money ($50 plus tips in the bars, up to $800 in one of the club fights) and had less of a tomboy image while growing up. They compiled a poor three and thirteen losing record.

I found the most dedicated fighters among the professional boxers. However, the hardest punch thrown in all fifty-four fights was in the club fight I previously described. In all the bouts, very little blood was shed, as the women wanted to beat, not kill their opponents. Also, since women are generally smaller, lighter, and cannot reach the upper body muscular development of men, they don't punch as hard. They do achieve good leg muscular development and agility and with proper training can excel in endurance contests; however, your average bar wrestler does not train for or achieve much of an endurance factor. No one was ever hurt seriously.

One last comment. Your average private fight club does exist. It is found all over the country, usually in the suburbs. It generally comprises six to fifteen upper-middle class white males who can afford the membership. The membership fee averages nearly one thousand dollars, plus one hundred dollars per event. The members usually meet in a private home, in a den or recreation room, not in a townhouse apartment. These men are lawyers, doctors, and other professionals. Most are close mouthed about their activity, but those who would talk said their wives/girlfriends knew about their hobby but were ambivalent or opposed to the activity.

No women, other than contestants, were ever allowed to the contests. No one would expect or allow a wife or girlfriend to participate. For his fee, the club member would see an average of two bouts per meeting. Drinks and food were provided by the host and paid out of the fees. Members were allowed one guest, in hopes of increasing the membership. This is how I got in to see the events. Screening of potential members is very important to these clubs as most operate in a secretive manner.—G.W., Michigan. □



"You call that a *fight*?"

"You call that a *fight*?"

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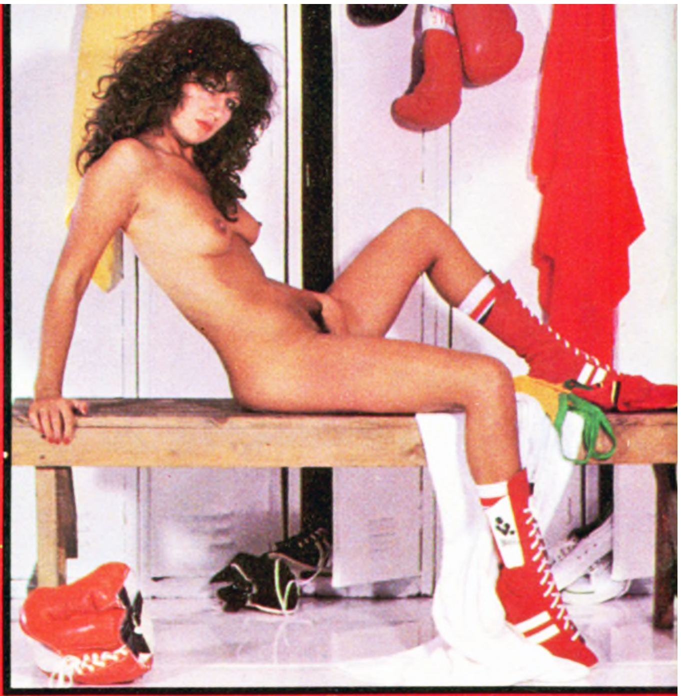
A REAL KNOCKOUT!

• There's something about a photograph of a beautiful girl in boxing gloves that sets off waves of lust and lots of letters to us. That's what happened when we ran one photo of gorgeous Linda Lane in July, 1982 (it is the same photo as on page 88). Happily, we have lots of photos of Linda in her foxy boxing gear and so here is a full array of them for your edification, and to prevent you fight fans from going bananas! Lion-maned Linda lives in suburban London and she really does take boxing lessons at a Soho gym, honest. She also takes an exercise class which explains her pretty, trim form.



"I used to get into fights all the time at school with the other girls but I had no thoughts about it being sexy. I was simply set on trouncing my female adversary."

Linda tells us that she went to nice schools but that she did get into a few fights. "That's normal I think when you get a bunch of jealous girls together," she says. Her motive for taking boxing lessons now are for the exercise and, she says, because *everyone* is into self-defense courses. "I don't really care for judo or karate," she says, "because boxing is more fun, less lethal, and good physical exercise."

LONSDALE
LONDON
LONSDALE

We don't want to delude our readers into thinking that Linda is one of our catfight enthusiasts (although she says her boyfriend loves it). She's first and foremost a model and dancer, but we're sure these photos of her in the locker room and the ring will conjure up all kinds of fantasies of what it would be like to watch Linda in action with another gal. She certainly appears to have the qualifications to be a major contender—a beautiful, slim, muscular body and a fiery disposition.

Linda is 5′7″ tall and because of her dance training is very light and fast on her feet. *If* she were to tangle with another girl, we'd put our money on Linda. She says she hopes that doesn't happen but if it should, she'd certainly do her best to defend herself. "Of course," she says, "like most girls I am used to having my hands free for hair-pulling and scratching and those female tactics. I don't know how I'd do in boxing gloves, but I did put the gloves on with my boyfriend once and was still on my feet afterwards."

ONSDALE
LONDON
ONSDALE
LONDON

Catfight Carnage

• Technically, the following feature is Apartment House Wrestling, but when our two models, red-haired Jo and black tressed Terri, got into action, the tussle became more or less a free-for-all. The gals vividly demonstrate what happens when two roommates get tired of each other's lack of consideration and decide to settle things once and for all. Terri starts out with a painful choke-hold, below, to show Jo who's boss but as you'll see, Jo shows that red-haired gals don't take kindly to being mauled or choked.

Above, Jo shows Terri that getting your neck squeezed isn't much fun, particularly when you're trapped in a leg scissors between a couple of muscular female thighs. Jo also gets a chin hold on Terri to show she means business. As the action continues, Jo also uses a painful toe hold that has Terri bleating for relief. The girls are pretty evenly matched and Terri recovers to get Jo in a headlock and then a painful arm twist before the gals, now braless, engage in some non-professional hair pulling. Independent Studio Productions, who shot this feature, said they should have had a tape recorder. The girls' language was incredible!

It is commonly understood that in a brunette-blonde match, the brunette is usually the victor, but when it's a redhead, with a fiery temper, things can go either way. Terri starts out on top with a handful of Jo's hair and then a painful crotchlock scissors that has Jo's face buried right in her steaming snatch. This obviously gives Jo the incentive to break the hold, by tearing at Terri's tit and she reverses the situation by locking Terri's head between her legs. The action, as you can see, seesaws back and forth with neither of the girls gaining an advantage but both of them taking a helluva beating. You know that this sequence was posed by hired models, but the gals got serious!

LEM'S LOT

In a brunette/blonde match, the dark haired gal is usually the victor. But when you add a redhead with a fiery temper, the results are apt to go either way and in this case, they do.

The painful leg straddle is not only devastating to an opponent, but it is also a hold that is highly erotic to the viewer. After all, that's the purpose of watching gals duke it out...to watch them exposing themselves in every position. Although the girls didn't lose their panties in this fight sequence, we can just imagine the odor of steaming cunts as the action got hot and heavy and the action that must have followed when the girls got together with their boyfriends to celebrate their victory and defeat.

Photographs by Independent Studio Productions

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DID YOU MISS THESE KNOCKOUT ISSUES?

A limited supply of back issues available (while they last) chockfull of catfight features, letters and, of course, Cavalier's ladies!

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JUN '83 Whipped Cream wrestling pictorial / More "Amazing Amazons" in our "Fight Time" section / Readers "Speak Out" section.

JUL '83 Sex Battle Rematch from May issue / An Enslaved Husband / Readers "Fight Time" experiences / Open relationships.

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